Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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December 24, 1927

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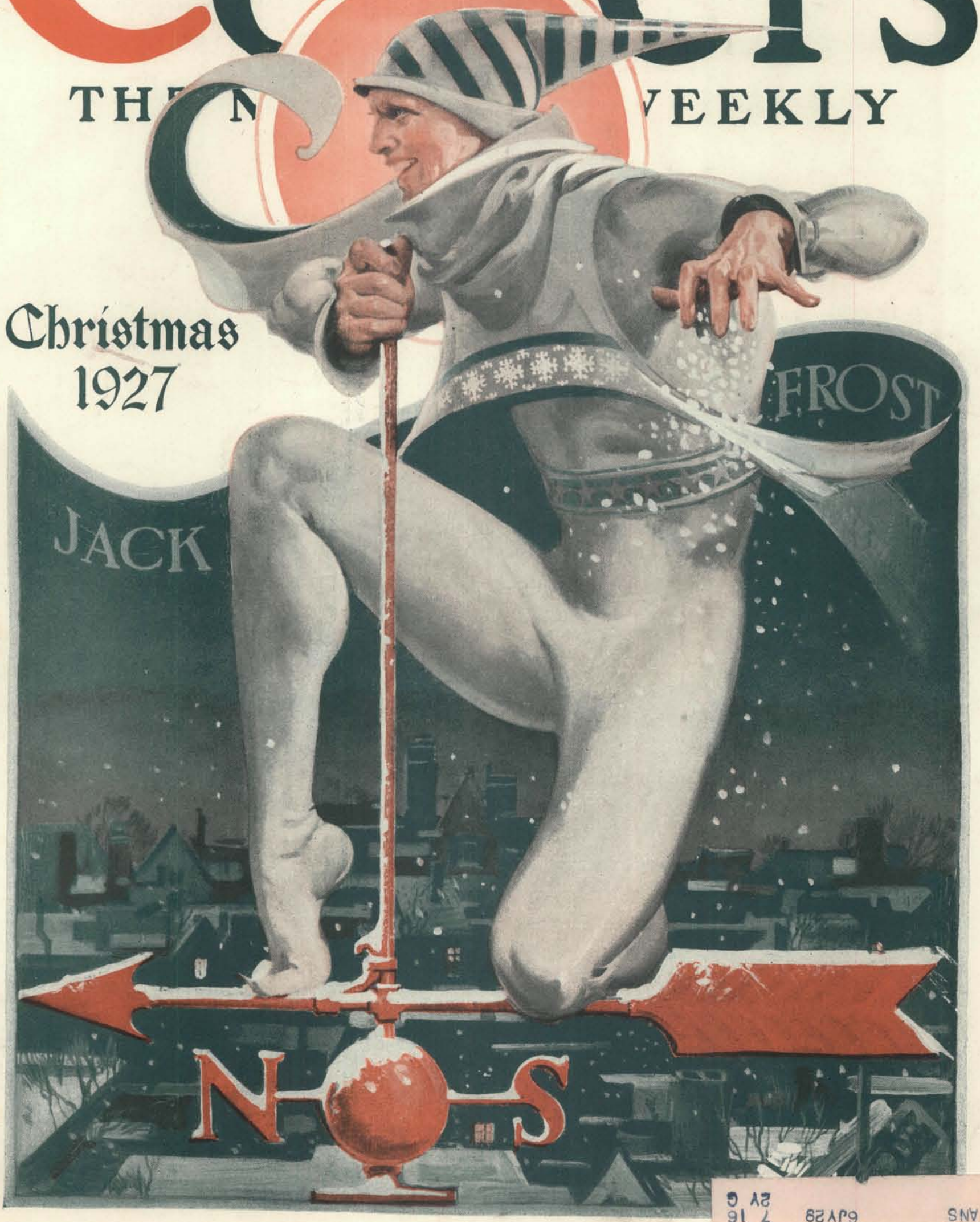

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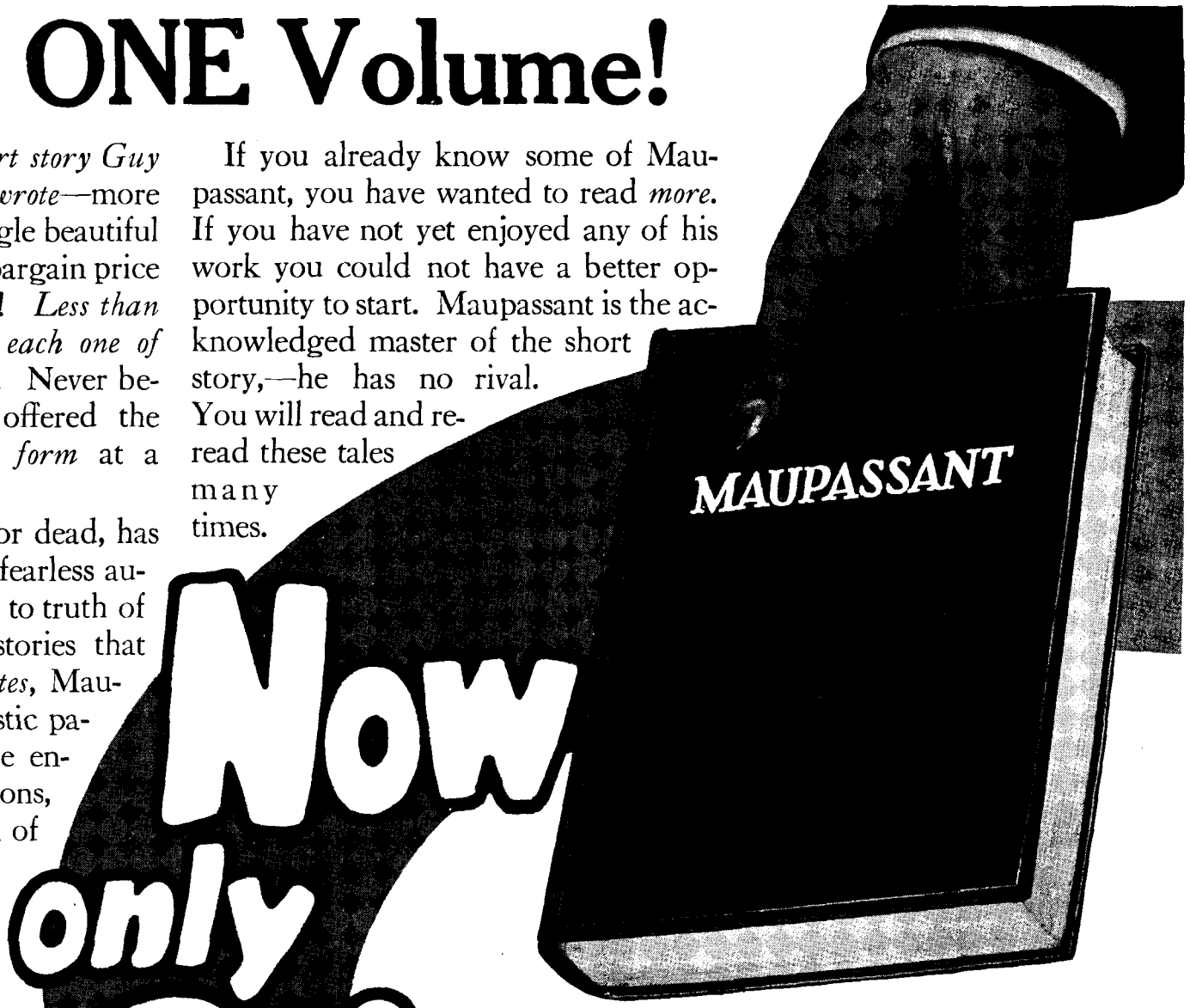

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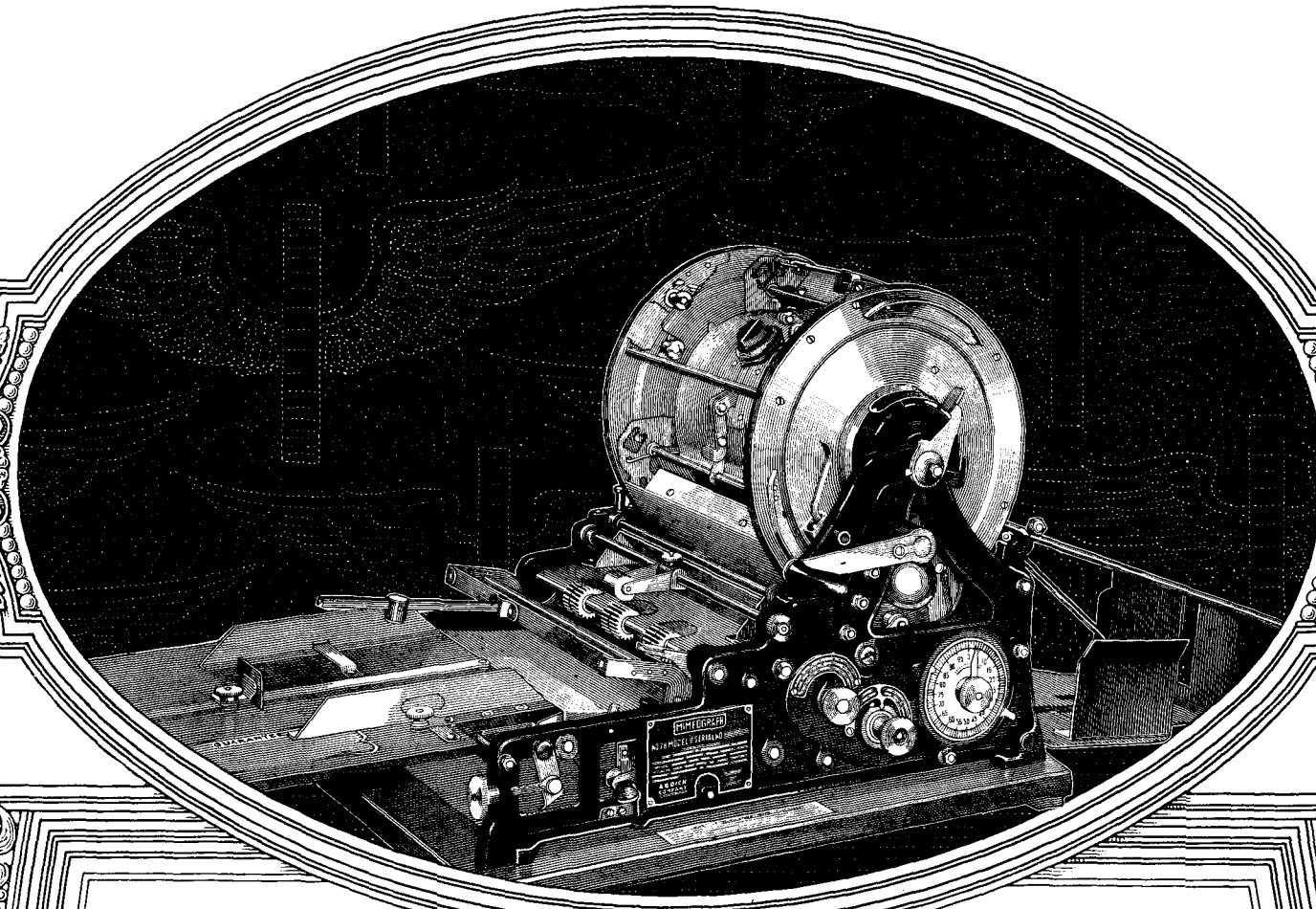

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Number Twenty-six

December 24, 1927

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By H. C. WITWER

Round 4 of Bigger and Better, with a little unexpected Christmas cheer

Christmas Belles

I quickly broke 'em, muttering angrily in Vincent's Brussels-sprout ear, "Be your age, Palooka"

FOUR hundred years ago today, customers, a guy rejoicing in the name of Thomas Tusser leaped out of bed, stuck his kisser out the window and for no reason at all bawled at the startled pedestrians:

"At Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year!"

Tommy was a English limerick writer which up to that snowy morn had attracted no more attention than another egg would in a herring roe, but that Yuletide slogan *made* him. For, mark you, of all the holidays known to man or beast, Christmas is top, what I mean! The hardest boiled gets a kick out of toy shops, and scissorbills which likes dimes and their right lungs the same way puts out for the starving bums with a grin. Everybody hauls off and gives somebody something, with dirty looks barred. Enemies is forgave all, and anybody which can't pull up a chair to a festive board *some* place and welcome couldn't discover a real-estate office in Florida. People finds out the Red Cross seals ain't a animal act, and for one day at least the whole world steps out of character and becomes Big-Hearted Joe. In fact, so much innocent, healthy, soul-saving fun is had by all on Christmas that the Nation's Bronx-cheerers—viz, the professional reformers—is said to be already framing another amendment to stop it.

However, I remember *one* Christmas where Santy Claus crossed a certain party like Washington crossed the Delaware and what the victim got in his stocking he'll recall for many a day. Take off your ear muffs and mittens and crowd around the old fireplace—look out for them tinsel bells on the tree!—and I'll broadcast a order of matters.

I WAS acing around in Hollywood, Calicamera, with "Gentleman Jack" King, not a motion picture star, but trying his worst to be one. As Marty Evans, the boy manager, I'd piloted this sweet-punching lad to within a left hook of the world's welterweight title, when he broke out with Los Angeles and went movie on me. What a boy! My dizzy athalete's first maniacal outburst was to throw a hoakum quickie starring himself and wonder-girl waitress and he called the result Passion's Fools, though what it was later entitled around cold-blooded Poverty Row is not for your innocent ears.

While Jack's trying to do the impossible—ie, get a release for his epic—Fay Daniels, the charming biscuit shooter, got a break like Hit-and-Run Tunney got on that weird Chicago count and become a big star overnight. So her new masters went to work and bought my buddy's synthetic movie for seventy-five grand to keep it off the screen and thusly protect her fair name at the box office. Three cheers for the movie racket—the Dumbells' Heaven! Jack rung up a profit of fifteen thousand bucks on the deal, lads and lassies, proving that he could fall down a well and come up with a platinum tip on his nose. No fooling, he was Lady Luck's gentleman friend!

Jackie then managed to clutter up a couple or three super-productions as a extra, and, aided by Fay, he soon sold himself the idea that he was born for the sole purpose of making a monkey out of Emil Jannings and them. Vulgar prize fighting made him sick at his stomach, he claimed, and he backed into a ritzy country club so's he could study the mysteries of golf, as long as he was forced to wear them cake eater's pants anyways while in Hollywood. Not content with these demonstrations of insanity, he learned to be a ballroom panic, staked himself to a repossessed sport roadster and got his pan lifted at a "facial æsthetics" joint, all to please the kind of exacting Fay Daniels.

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To top matters off, he wouldn't have it no other way but that we hire a furnished bungalow with a full-blooded Japanese schoolboy to tend it, and between this and that if all the installment collectors which tried to put the bee on us every month was laid end to end it would serve 'em right for taking a chance!

One morning in December Jack gets up and looks out the window at a fog which would make the ones in London bite their nails.

"Cheez, Marty!" he yawns, throwing on his De Mille-feature bathrobe, "this here's one grand burg, but I like my Christmases snowy! In a couple hours Mr. Sun will be on the job, and it'll be as hot as the pavements of Hades. I bet Santy Claus hits this slab on a surf board in a one-piece suit!"

"We can still be back in New York for the holidays," I says. "Leave us lam out of here and drag hips to where Christmas looks like Christmas and not like the Fourth of July!"

BUT I'll have you know, good people, this gent was now a fifty-third degree Californian, like nearly everybody becomes after a few weeks there. Putting in the rap for Los Angeles is a worse crime than speaking English at the studios—they want to hit you with Wilshire Boulevard, what I mean!

"Go and grab a rattler for the icy East if you wish to," says Jack. "I'm goin' to stay in God's country, and that ain't no title either! After I have my bawth, my fresh orange juice which is growed right under my nose in my own garden, my bacon and eggs and coffee and golden-brown toast like it says on that electric toaster ad, I'm goin' to shoot a few holes of golf. Now I ask you, very confidentially, where in the East could I do that in midwinter?"

"In any department store, in the sporting goods aisle," I told him. "They even have a pro there to teach you to break a hundred, something you'll never learn while you still think par is short for Paramount Pictures. I ain't used to getting sunstrokes in December, and—"

"As far as that part of it goes, you wasn't used to pajamas till I begin to rate important money for my fights," he cut me off. "You know full well we got cool mornin's and cool evenin's here the year round, no matter if it *does* get the trifle tepid in the daytime. You got to wear a overcoat if the car is to be used when Old Sol hides behind the golden clouds and blankets is indicated on the beddies o' nights. If snow and winter sports is desired by the fastidious, these is to be enjoyed in profusions at beautiful Lake Arrowhead, but a few glorious hours away over auto roads which would shame ballroom floors!"

"So you finally got that funny Chamber of Commerce folder down by heart, hey?" I grins. "Well, I'll make you a present of that Arrowhead voyage, Clown. One mile up in the air over a twisting mountain road without no guard rails and if your heap skids it's Hello, St. Peter! No, thanks; fun's fun, but I ain't set for heaven yet."

"People which lives in California don't wish to go to heaven," remarks Jack calmly. "They'd only yawn and get the angels red-headed!"

A pay-off, what?

Well, to get the news reel over with so's we can screen the feature, the poultice Fay Daniels was then bounding around in was a football drama, so the next day we went to view them shoot the big-punch climax where the hero scores the winning fumble, or whatever. Sweet old Los Angeles tolerates baseball, dotes on box fights, is partial to auto racing, laughed the horses out of the burg into Tia Juana, and can take its tennis or leave it alone, but I hope to tell you it's simply football *crazy!* When I say that thirty thousand frenzied fans will rush to see a couple of small-time colleges work here, you can get a rough idea of how many of the neighbors' children turns out when the *big* teams do their stuff at the Coliseum.

This drum, a breath taker to look at and done in a big way like this town does everything, was built to hold seventy-five thousand, and I seen more than eighty thousand jammed in it many's the time. Leave the lip-curling New York wise-crackers—which thinks everything hick which ain't in Times Square—snicker *that* off!

ME AND Jack took off for the game with Fay and Queenie Davis, the last one a snappy bathing beaut which had the same effect on me as a shot of catnip has on Tabby. What a girl! Now appearing in more clothes, Queenie was just graduating from the pie-hurling operas and playing bits, French maids and the like, in features where already her pungent ankles was being remembered. We met the girls at Fay's Beverly Hills palace, owned, like a flock of the others, by the worried building contractors, and lost a full hour on the ways on the account Doleful Comedies was shooting a exterior with Baby Rachel or somebody, tying up all traffic on the busiest corner, aided and abetted by the admiring coppers.

The wild honking of horns by frantic guys which had business to look after and craved to go places simply made the director grin. "Like it, boobs!" he sneers, looking the jam over and immediately putting the camera men to work filming it for his masterpiece—a couple hundred extras, free of charge. That's called Showmanship, the Hollywood religion. Any time you can produce me anybody connected with the movies which shows some consideration for the outside world, gentle readers, I'll produce you a flying elephant, but you'll still have the biggest curiosity!

Co-starring with Fay in this football charade was no less than Kempton Calhoun, the Big-Close-up Man from Colossal Productions, which teamed with her in a bevy of wows that had saved the exhibitors from the almshouse for another year.

By a odd coincidence this Monsieur Calhoun was one of the finest living examples of high-hat fathead in captivity, and him and Jack loved each other like Cain and Abel did. In this case the answer was the beautiful Fay, which Calhoun was breaking his neck to promote and which, being smart, she toyed with "for business reasons," as she explained to the foaming Jack.

Now don't get the idea that we didn't favor this egg simply because he was a leaping snapshot hero. I know plenty of them babies which would be just as much heroes in everyday life, is as regular as they come and gets as many laughs as the next one out of the hoy mixed up with their profession. If they do and say things which strikes the hard-boiled as silly, it's because Mr., Mrs. and Miss Public expects it of 'em, loves it and would be sore if they should act like normal humans.

Anyways, four thirds of the gah-gah you read about the deleerious wages and the daily activities of the movie stars is as much news to the stars as it is to you. The publicity master minds has made twice the amount of knockers for their bosses as they've ever made boosters, and I don't mean maybe!

WELL, at this big college game a lot of close-ups was took of Calhoun in a football outfit clinching with Fay—and how!—cruel and unusual punishment for Jack, which twisted a couple programs to bits and ground a inch or so off his gleaming white teeth. Then Melbourne Maxim, the megaphone wielder and our boy friend, shot the tremendous crowd in the packed stands and the best plays of the game itself, all of which he got for nothing, giving him more bank notes to burn up on the grand ballroom scene, without which no motion picture is considered kosher by the sales force

"Fay is staring at the chalk-faced movie pet like he was some dish which always made her sick at her stomach when she eat it"

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in New York, which squawks at the animal features for that reason.

In between necking Fay, Calhoun commenced bearing down on Jackie, like usual.

"Great sport, this!" he says, with a airy wave at the gridiron. "I laid many a broken bone at the old Yale's feet in my college days. The—eh—pigskin I loved to touch! Ha, ha, a nifty, ay, what? I remember that forty-five-yard run I made against Harvard back in the old days when football was a he-man's game, not the mollycoddle pastime the rules have made it now. By the way, old man, what was your college?"

Now, the nearest Jackie King had ever been to a university was when he boxed some mug at New Haven once, though he was cheer leader of a correspondence school for a spell till he got hurt in the annual stamp rush, or something. But he always seemed to feel that his lack of a high-pressure education was a big drawback and that always give me a giggle. Should he of studied bright books, he'd of been getting fifty bucks the week as a bond salesman, but as the results of him studying right hooks he rated twenty-five thousand a fight as a glove dispenser. Figure it out for yourself, but don't leave me influence your progeny's future. Plenty boys has made their mark in spite of college.

"My people seen a couple of college movies, and after that they wouldn't of sent me to one if it was a felony not to," Jack answers Calhoun. "But I get a kick out of football, and I take in most of the big games. I don't remember nobody entitled Kempton Calhoun ever bein' one of the show places of Yale."

"NEITHER do I!" speaks up Queenie Davis, the bit scornful. "Maybe he used a double at college too!"

"Kempton Calhoun is merely a sobriquet, as I thought any intelligent person might know," says this Humpty Dumpty in a lordly way. "My family is one of the oldest and wealthiest in America, rulers of society for ages. I assumed another name in deference to their feelings. They are very bitter and resentful over the fact that I am a motion-picture actor."

"You can easy prove to them that you ain't no actor," remarks Jack.

"How, pray?" inquires Calhoun.

"Why, just have 'em get a load of you in your next movie," says Jack. "Now you tell one."

Fay turned her pretty face away to smile, but me and Queenie heehawed right in Calhoun's reddened pan.

"Is that supposed to be funny?" he snarls at Jack.

"Search me!" grins Jack. "Take it in to your gag man and get it analyzed."

"I love that!" laughs Queenie, which also loved seeing Calhoun get outpointed. "Jack, you're sure one educated biscuit. Why don't you try titling?"

"You got to read too many comic magazines, and then again it's hard to remember all the cracks you steal," says Jack. "Cheez, they make me nervous kickin' that football around down there!"

"How come?" Queenie asks.

"It might be Lon Chaney!" my comic shoots back. "Don't bother with that one; I just took it out of the moth balls for air."

"Well, don't take any more Joe Millers out, that last one was poorly embalmed," butts in Maxim, the director. "C'mon, folks, snap into it—let's manufacture this movie. I'm going to retake these scenes at the players' bench. Our high-priced scenarist swore he was handing me an actor-proof script, but the story is simply the usual moronic offense to the intellect: the ancient, moss-covered climax that will be in fifty football pictures this year—the hero's winning a touchdown in the last minute of play. Oh, for a new thought, an original idea!"

"Why not have the girl give the hero the air and marry the villain?" Jack suggests. "That'd be new!"

"Not as new as you think," remarks Queenie. "Many a girl has done that in real life without knowing it!"

"Says you," smiles Fay. "Don't be so cynical, Queenie."

"I'm not," answers Queenie coolly. "Just observing."

COMING out in the milling crowd after the game, this burly Calhoun left the girls fight their passage to the exits the best way they could, mind you, while he guarded his own precious carcass with the help of several husky bodyguards. "Don't let Mr. Calhoun get bruised!" frantically yells Eddie Yes, the assistant director, to his merry men. That crack lived on Hollywood Boulevard for eight months!

Well, Mr. Calhoun, which didn't need no camera to start him acting, pulled that blue-blooded gag of his around the studio, uptowning one and all, till he had his playmates fit to be chained to posts. Also he treated the extras like they all had leprosy and spoke of keeping them in their proper place. Honest to Lasky, my followers, Kempton Calhoun had about as many pals on the lot as homework has in a grammar school!

Speaking of piccalilli, I made up my mind about that time that if I had to park in Photographville for a space, I'd have to get hold of some trick which would keep the old bank roll from dying of anæmia. As my movie-mad battler wouldn't work at his regular calling, I wasn't taking in a dime, and unless they offered me the berth of Peaches Hays I couldn't be annoyed with a job in pictures—romantical to millions, but blah to *me!* Well, California's biggest crop being Opportunity, I found forty ways I could put and take, including starting a "school of movie acting," but I never could take blood money, and it was Queenie Davis which give me the winning idea.

"Why don't you open a gym—a sort of hotsy-totsy athletic club for the picture bunch?" she asks me. "You know all there is to know about physical culture, or else you're a wonderful talker."

"Queenie," I says, "it seems out of the question that a looker like you should likewise (*Continued on page 36*)

Illustrated by R. VAN BUREN

"Queenie puts her arm around the old man, which is white-faced as he realizes what a sensation he's caused by his little speech of thanks!"

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Murray Seasongood, first commission mayor of Cincinnati, the young patrician who led the revolution that cleaned up the city

J. R. Schmidt

The Stolen City

YOUR town may have all the latest mechanical equipment, fire engines, radio stations and up-to-date schools, but if it is still run by party government it isn't a modern town.

Four years ago Cincinnati's gang politicians—common examples of the breed—had literally stolen the city. When federal prosecution resulted in sending a carload of Cincinnati policemen to the penitentiary the citizens were jolted into action. The city government is now city business, not politics, and everyone is happy except the grafters.

By WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

WHITNER BOYD, alias "Little Ham," was going into the dope business on a large scale.

But he amazed his neighbors in Cincinnati by the casual manner in which he went about it.

"I want peddlers and plenty of 'em," he announced openly. You'd have thought he was looking for tinware salesmen.

Peddling dope isn't usually a safe job. There were police in the Black Belt—plenty of them. But, more than this, up at Uncle Sam's grim old Federal Building there was Byron Roberts, Uncle Sam's narcotic inspector, who could toss you into Atlanta for even carrying your own private hypodermic needle, to say nothing of selling drugs.

But this casual, easy-going Boyd was amazingly reassuring. "None of my men will ever have to worry," he said. "Nothing can happen. I'll take care of them all if it does."

Lizzie Hall decided to take a chance with Whitner.

"I'll pay you 25 cents for every capsule. But, remember, you don't have to use it too."

Lizzie was broke; she was just out of a prison hospital, where she had been "cured" of the cocaine habit. The first thing folks knew in the Black Belt Lizzie Hall was getting away with it. Lizzie would walk the streets with her wares, and she sold them almost under the noses of the policemen and detectives. But, what was more wonderful, the men from Byron Roberts' narcotic squad up at the Federal Building also kept their hands off.

Byron Roberts, "Uncle Sam's man," knew about Boyd and Lizzie; the Black Belt knew he did. In fact, secret peddlers of dope in the Black Belt wrote letters to Roberts, telling him just when and where he or his men could find Lizzie at business. They'd watch Lizzie thereafter, while the agents from the Federal Building buzzed about the district, but Boyd's promise always came true—nothing happened. Even Roberts himself, who sat in an imposing office in the Federal Building, used to look over the district now and then without ever seeing Lizzie or her cocksure, businesslike employer, Whitner Boyd.

Somehow Lizzie had found a safe way to peddle drugs. Before long it wasn't so hard for Boyd to employ peddlers. Up in the Federal Building in Cincinnati today you can find the list of his employees as he subsequently gave it to the federal district attorney. He hired "Old Folks," for instance, whose real name was Burley Meeks. Everyone knew Old Folks. "Hogie" went with him too. So did "Crip" Wilson and Louie Taylor and a dozen others.

There's money in it? Indeed. Whitner Boyd tells all about it now. He got into quantity merchandising.

"I gave my agents 25 cents out of every dollar. I got my drugs in Detroit from some brothers who ran a suit-pressing stand. I bought some in other cities. Usually I went shopping for it myself.

"I would generally buy from $400 to $600 worth. The price varied from $30 to $50 an ounce, for cocaine or morphine."

One pound of drugs a week was the quantity he usually brought home—not enough to bulge a well-pressed coat. But out of these small packages he earned a vast sum.

There's work in the dope business. The mere preparation of packages is no small task.

"Boyd used to pay me $20 a week for capping drugs at his home in West Sixth Street," says Reuben Stephens.

Not So Bad—$3,500 a Week

WHENEVER Boyd came home from a "shopping trip"—and that was about once a week—there was capping to do.

"I would put the dope up in capsules," says Boyd. "I could get 350 capsules out of one ounce of morphine or 400 out of one ounce of cocaine. I was always square. I never adulterated it. I always put in the pure drug. Customers

J. R. Schmidt

Col. C. O. Sherrill, City Manager

usually have to buy about six capsules a day to keep feeling comfortable."

In the office of the Attorney General of the United States in Washington they have Whitner Boyd's own estimate of his business figures. It runs like this:

1 ounce of morphine	$ 30.00
350 empty capsules	.70
25 cents per capsule to agents	87.50
Total cost	$118.20
350 filled capsules for	$350.00
Cost of selling	118.20
Total profit per ounce	$231.80

(*Continued on page 34*)

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Be a Sport, Santa!

By GRANTLAND RICE

And answer the prayers revealed by these intimate peeps into the Christmas mail of good little boys and girls of the sporting world, who are as apt to hang socks on your chin as on the fireplace. . . .

The Road Back Yonder

Vagabonds, can you hear it calling,
Faint and low at the end of day,
Out where the dark of night is falling
Over a land that is far away?
The eerie call of a tin horn blowing
Out from a world that was young and new,
Back from a day that is past all knowing,
Calling out as the years are flowing,
"Where are the dreams that you thought were true?"

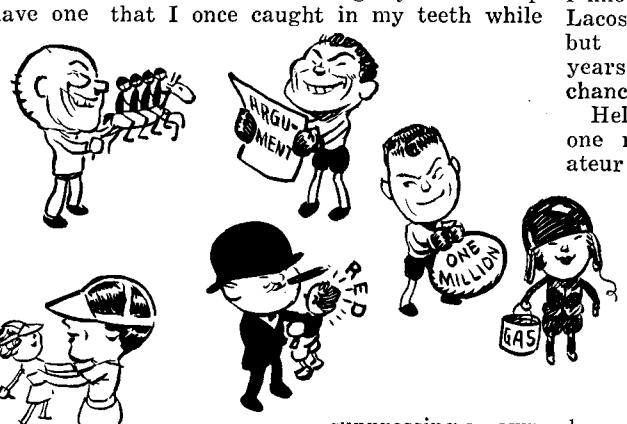
Vagabonds, there are shadows creeping,
Haunting ghosts in a silent den;
Dreams that you once thought dead, or sleeping,
Never to come your way again—
Ghosts of forgotten dreams still sighing
Over a world that is old and gray,
On through another year now dying:
Ghosts of forgotten dreams still crying,
"How could you come so far away?"

Yes, there are shadows creeping, drifting,
Voices whispering, known of old,
Blown on the winds where the fogs are lifting
Over a morning land of gold.
Here in the light of the dying embers
Under the white and scarlet glow,
Hear them whispering, "Who remembers,
Somewhere back in the lost Decembers,
Wraiths of dreams that you used to know?"

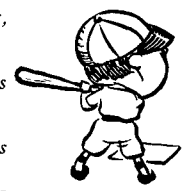
Hear—the little toy drum is waking
Shining eyes to the ancient call,
Where, in the glint of gray dawn breaking,
Wee feet patter across the hall;
Shadows, now, where the light is dying,
Shadows blown from another day,
Calling out as the years are flying,
Pleading still where the winds are crying,
"How could you come so far away?"

TEX RICKARD — "A Tunney-Dempsey fight every year from 1928 through 1952. So far only 250,000 people have seen them at Philadelphia and Chicago, and there are 119,000,000 people in the United States. I'd like to have the European rights reserved from 1952 to 1960."

Bobby Jones—"I'd like to have one round of golf where I had to take 109 strokes. I'd like to have the thrill of foozling, flubbing, topping, hooking, slicing, schlaffing, shanking and otherwise smearing nineteen straight shots in a row and then hitting one almost straight that nearly got on the green. I'd like to break up the monotony of walking in a straight line and visit a few woods, ponds, ditches, ravines, weeds, bunkers, swamps, creeks, thickets and other places I hear a lot of golfers talking about. I'd like to have the thrill of getting one par after I had had six 7's and four 8's on the first ten holes. I'd like to get a kick out of holing a seven-foot putt or playing one brassie shot a week that reached the green. I'd like to know how the other four million live and sweat and curse and suffer and once in a while tingle all over when a mid-iron shot stops somewhere near the old cup."



Jack Dempsey—"I'd like to have another argument popping out of my next fight. The foul argument was great and the long count even better, but I'd like a big, new, shiny argument next time that could hold the headlines for a month and set ten million fight fans yapping all over the map."



Babe Ruth—"A fast one over the inside corner every game next season."

Gene Tunney—"Please send me Jack Dempsey. I know a lot of people think he can whip me and I only hope twice as many keep on thinking it every year. He was worth $30,000 a minute to me last September. Yessir, I know what a hard hitter Dempsey is and what a tough man to hurt, but I hope you'll drop him in my stocking because I can still use another million."

Ty Cobb—"I want but one thing, and that's another pair of legs. When you've run out over 4,000 base hits for twenty-three years the old knee joints are not what they used to be. I've still got the .370 stuff in my batting eye. With a new pair of legs I'll bat that or better for another twenty years, but I'm tired of watching fly balls drop that I once caught in my teeth while suppressing a yawn. I'd like to pick up 4,000 more base hits and then call it a day."

The Golf Duffer—"I'd like a mashie that doesn't pick out a bunker in front of the green, or a pond or a ditch. I'd like a golf ball that doesn't always pick out a spot no caddie can find. I'd also like a golf ball that doesn't rush toward a sand trap and crawl toward a green. I'd like to be able to take one swing where I didn't have to think of more than seventeen things not to do. I'd like a new Pivot, a new Stance and a new Grip. But above everything else I'd like to have a brand-new alibi. I've used up the lumbago, the 'couldn't sleep last night,' the 'haven't played in two months,' the sore hand, the stiff neck, the rotten lie, the bum caddie, the worm cast, the heel print, the unfair handicap, the conversational opponent, the 'didn't know the course,' and three hundred or four hundred other accurate reasons for a 97 in place of an 81. I'd rather have a new alibi than anything else, one that could square me for about twelve strokes every round."

William T. Tilden—"All I'd like in my stocking is just a little dash of youth. I know how good Lacoste, Cochet and Borotra are—but I'd like to have about four years lopped off and then take my chance."

Helen Wills—"I'd like to have someone make Suzanne Lenglen an amateur or find me another little girl to play with. I'm getting lonesome."

C. C. Pyle—"Please drop another Red Grange in my stocking. Yes, I could use another Galloping Ghost, Baffling Berserk, Flying Phantom, Dodging Demon, or Spinning Specter."

Miller Huggins—"I'll take a chance on what I already have. Thanks."

Connie Mack—"About all I want is another McInnis, Collins, Barry, Baker, Bender, Coombs and Plank. That's about all."

Yale—"The best possible gift would be to have the freshman class at Brown abolished, dating retroactively to 1922."

Knute Rockne—"So far they've held me down to teams from Los Angeles to Annapolis and from Georgia Tech to West Point. I'd like to have about two thousand miles of new territory so I could get over that cramped feeling. I've always heard that travel broadens one. For 1928 I could also use another George Gipp or another stable of Horsemen."

Ruth Elder—"Enough gasoline to keep me from using a bathing suit on my next trip to Europe."

Football Fan—"The best present I can think of is someone who can pick an All-America football team that is O. K. instead of naming a lot of dubs like Oosterbaan, Joesting, Cagle, Welch, Drury and Charlesworth. There's a fellow on our team who never got any mention who is better than the whole lot picked this season. He can pass, kick, run, buck, tackle, block, dodge, smash, drop kick and catch passes, but the experts never even heard of him. He is a better fullback than Ted Coy, a better halfback than Jim Thorpe and a better quarterback than Eckersall. How could they overlook a star like this and name a flock of dubs just because they played on Michigan or Yale or Army or Notre Dame? Who are they, anyway?"

John J. McGraw—

"I want a clock that can be turned back,
Back to another day;
Back to the wallop of Turkey Mike
And Mathewson's fade-away;
Back to the benders of wry-necked Rube,
Back to the vanished years
When Bancroft, Kelly and Frisch came through
In the wake of the flag-spun cheers."

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The Barking Dogs

The Emperor of America sends an envoy of death —and Commander Roscoe takes the message

Illustrated by R. L. LAMBDIN

"You must not go out there! Those beasts will tear you to pieces!"

DR. STOPFORD, senior surgeon of the Atlantic flyer Ruritania, stared aimlessly at the small rimless monocle which he held between finger and thumb. His tall, slim figure showed silhouetted against the window. Outside dusk was falling.

"Look here, Roscoe," said he, "owin' to my quixotic interest in your blameless young life, I've missed my ship, been shot at by some bloke who controls somethin' vaguely called the Zones, and now find myself incarcerated in an astonishin' mansion belongin' to an amiable millionaire. I gather that our Zone pals are congregatin' in the dark. I assume that one couldn't throw a stone from any window without hittin' a couple of Zones! Splendid! But what are we doin' here, and what are we goin' to get out of it?"

The man addressed, a dim shadow over by the closed door, did not immediately answer. Stopford set the monocle in place before one blue eye, where it instantly and miraculously became attached.

"Here's the answer, old lad," came the reply. "The house of Page Sutton, in which we are, is at present the focus of all the forces of Head Center—of all the Zones."

"Cheery-O!"

Roscoe advanced into the failing light which struggled through the window. Three inches shorter than Stopford, but sturdy and agile as an acrobat, his wide-open gray eyes were set unfalteringly upon the face of his friend. When Commander Drake Roscoe smiled his tanned features looked like those of a healthy schoolboy. But he was not smiling. "This conference must be a short one," he went on. "I've snatched the chance because I want you to know all I know—"

"Splendid fellow!"

"Page Sutton has been a victim of the Zone group for years. He has been one of their many sources of income. They have lost their hold on him. He's stopped payments, and they've tried intimidation. He's countered through Ned Regan, and now has locked in his safe upstairs something which cost him twenty thousand dollars but which, if genuine, is worth ten times the price. That's why we're here."

"Absolutely," Stopford murmured. "Painfully, distressin'ly obvious. But I rather gather, old scout, that that's also why they are here—I mean the blokes who've tried to shoot Page Sutton. Flocks of wolf dogs will shortly be loose on this pleasant property. There are prisonlike shutters to all windows; a depressin' atmosphere—"

"Stoppy," Roscoe interrupted, "we're in for a wild night! I'm sorry, because there are women in the house—"

"Particularly Molly O'Hay."

"Maybe! But there are others!"

Stopford groaned.

"Extraordinary thing, Madame Czerna's turnin' up here," he muttered. Certainly the car broke down, but why outside this blighted house? And why tonight?"

"There's just time to tell you something else," Roscoe went on quickly. "Sutton's daughter, June, was the victim of a queer attempt some few nights back."

"June Sutton! What's *she* got to do with it?"

"I don't know. But shut up. Listen. She was in the first place wakened by the dogs, then they became silent. Next she detected a faint sound that seemed to come from under the pillow. Finally something—she doesn't know what—ran across the bed. . . ."

"You're alarmin' me."

"It alarmed her! She bolted out and along to the housekeeper, Mrs. Dean. They came back together."

"Find anything?"

"Not anything living. Of course the window was wide open. But under the pillow they found a small wooden reel, of the sort used for silk or cotton, fixed there by a piece of twisted wire!"

Stopford stared vaguely into the darkness masking the speaker.

"Not a glimmer," he declared. "Means precisely nothin' to me."

"No," Roscoe murmured. "I admit it's obscure. But it may turn out to mean a devil of a lot to *me*."

IN a room far distant from the Page Sutton country home, high in the center of New York, a dark room, its darkness masking the presence of a more formidable creature than the United States had hitherto entertained, a red light glowed.

"H. Q.," said a voice. "Report of Zone Officer 2A. Commander Roscoe has been allotted a room at the rear of the Page Sutton home. Zone Officer 2A requested Page Sutton to arrange an exchange, as the barking of dogs always disturbs her. Transfer is being made. Roscoe will now face the lawn. Timed 10 o'clock. Report ends."

"Report of Group Master inside the Sutton home."

"Report to hand. He experiences great difficulty in making his reports owing to the activity of Christopoulos, Greek butler, and of Ned W. Regan. Directly Mrs. Dean, housekeeper, has rearranged the room facing Sound to be occupied by Commander Roscoe group master will make the connection. The delay is dangerous, as, once the dogs are out, making of connection becomes impossible. Report ends."

"Report of sector captain covering the house."

"Report to hand. Everything is in readiness. Standing by for instructions. Report ends."

There was an interval of fully a minute; then:

"Take charge of H. Q.," came the order. "File all reports. Advise garage controller I shall leave by Exit 7 in five minutes."

The red light went out.

"WE'RE in a state of siege," said Page Sutton. His habitually fresh-colored face was pale. "This house is surrounded, and there are spies inside. What they want is in that safe!" He pointed. "It's a map of the New York City Zones!"

Drake Roscoe, composed, but his gray eyes very bright, stared at the speaker across the big cozy study.

"You may be right, Sutton," said he. "You may be wrong. The gates are locked; the doors are barred; in a few minutes the dogs will be loose in the grounds. We want to be sure of the people *inside*. You agree, Regan?"

Ned W. Regan heaved himself out of a long rest chair. His apparently slothful bulk had deceived many a man to his cost who had looked to find in America's most famous private detective something more obviously alert.

"Whoever's inside from the other camp," said he, "doesn't get out! Because tonight we're going through this household with a fine-tooth comb! First let's have a view of your twenty-thousand-dollar map!"

"One moment," Drake Roscoe interrupted. "I have my own ideas about the map, and I have my own ideas about how this job should be conducted. There's one of your guests suspected, Sutton: Madame Czerna—"

"Phew!"

Dr. Stopford was the interrupter. Standing up, he began to pace the carpet, busily burnishing his monocle as he walked. Roscoe looked at him hard.

"The lady is a particular friend of yours, Stoppy, I know," he went on. "But you can't deny that she had some-

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By SAX ROHMER

thing to do with your missing your ship?"

Stopford shrugged but didn't speak. When the senior surgeon of the R. M. S. Ruritania misses his ship a new senior surgeon is liable to be appointed at Liverpool.

"Very well," said Roscoe. "She came uninvited. She has now effected a change of rooms. The result is that I am located at the front of the house instead of at the back. This gives me an idea which may lead to the discovery of the spy among your domestic staff, Sutton. Which of your servants ordinarily has access to the bedrooms?"

Page Sutton considered the question for a moment.

"Mrs. Dean, my housekeeper," he replied slowly, "two maids and of course the butler on occasions."

"The butler being Bach, an agent of Regan's," Roscoe replied, "we can leave him out. No other manservant?"

Page Sutton shook his head.

"No—except Armitage, my own man. He's in and out of my quarters, of course, but he has no actual business in any other bedroom."

"Ah!" Roscoe muttered. "How long has Armitage been with you?"

"Nearly a year. He's right as right. Shall I send for him?"

"On no account."

"Eh!" Regan grunted.

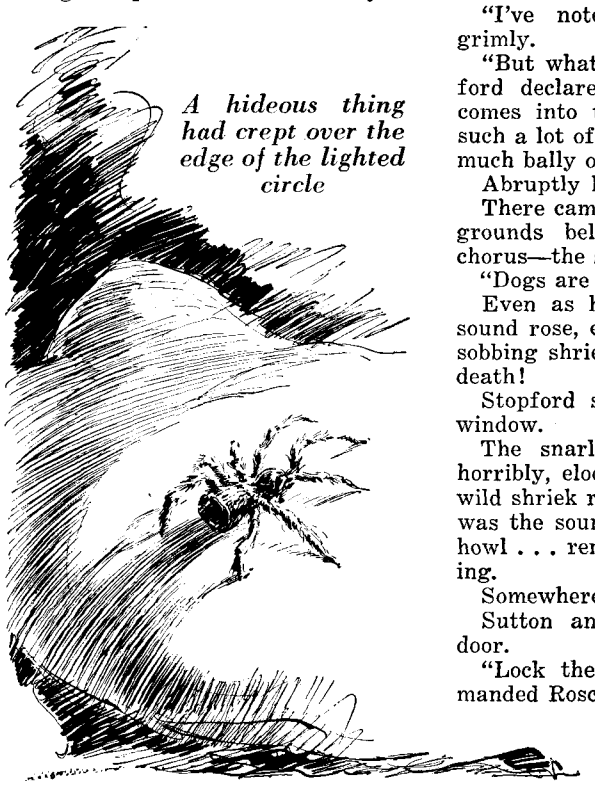
"I have reasons for wishing," Roscoe declared, "that no one in this house should be hampered in any way tonight!"

"Good Lord!" Stopford exclaimed. "Why not serve 'em out with bombs!"

ALL three men stared in amazement at the commander. But he merely smiled.

"I'm gradually learning my job," he explained. "It's no good trying to tackle the Zone gang on the principle of a bull at a gate. And now, Sutton—the map."

Amid complete silence Page Sutton unlocked the safe. Taking out a flat leather case, he unlocked this in turn. All bent over the table eagerly as a strange map of New York City was spread flat under the lamp.



A hideous thing had crept over the edge of the lighted circle

"It cost twenty thousand dollars," said their host, "and maybe the life of the man who sold it to me. But it's worth more."

No one spoke. All were studying this extraordinary map—over which had been drawn a series of circles, centering on a district a little north of Wall Street. The outermost circle touched the Bronx. The bottom of this circle was not shown on the map. It presumably covered a considerable area of the Atlantic. The belts or zones were variously colored and gave the thing a most peculiar appearance. These zones were divided up into oddly shaped sectors, and each sector bore a number.

"It shouldn't be a difficult matter," said Drake Roscoe, "to trace this point." He rested a pencil on the center of the zones. "That's where the spider lives—in the heart of the web."

"It all turns on two things," Regan rejoined. "First, is the map genuine in construction? Second, not so important as the first, is it centered right?"

"You are suggesting," said Page Sutton, "that it's a fake?"

"It certainly might be," Roscoe admitted soberly; while Stopford, using his monocle as a magnifying glass, bent over it, peering curiously.

"If it were authentic," Roscoe went on, "with the powers at our command it would be merely a question of time to round up the entire Zone organization! You will note, Sutton, that according to this map you are in a sector marked X, and in what I take to be the Third Zone."

"I've noted it!" Sutton returned grimly.

"But what I can't cope with," Stopford declared, "is all the sea which comes into this thing. It leaves out such a lot of New York and takes in so much bally ocean. Hullo!"

Abruptly he ceased.

There came a wild snarling from the grounds below; a concerted savage chorus—the song of a wolf pack.

"Dogs are out!" said Roscoe.

Even as he spoke a more dreadful sound rose, eerie, on the night . . . the sobbing shriek of a man at grips with death!

Stopford sprang and threw open a window.

The snarling became concentrated, horribly, eloquently muffled. A second wild shriek rose and died away. There was the sound of a shot . . . a savage howl . . . renewed snarling and worrying.

Somewhere a woman screamed.

Sutton and Regan started for the door.

"Lock the map in the safe," commanded Roscoe.

Sutton turned back and obeyed. He was deadly pale. His hands shook.

A second wild shriek rose and died away . . . the snarling was renewed

Stopford was craning from the opened window.

"Some poor devil was out there," he said in a hushed voice, and turned. "It's too late, I think, but for God's sake call the dogs off. . . ."

Downstairs, in the big square room known as the Persian lobby because of its decoration scheme, the other members of the household were panic-stricken.

Stopford reached the stair foot first, Regan close behind him. Roscoe and Page Sutton could be seen above, running along the oaken gallery with its drapings of rare carpets. Dr. Cross, June Sutton's friend, was standing by a phonograph, a disk in his hand. He had clearly been interrupted in the act of placing it on the instrument.

Heavy draperies concealed the windows and the massive shutters which protected them inside. The big double doors opening on the lawn were also draped.

Her back to these draperies, as if, even at such a moment, she could find composure to realize that they formed an ideal setting for her gemlike beauty, Madame Czerna stood, looking toward the stair.

Slender, alluring, daringly but exquisitely gowned, the unbidden guest faced Stopford. Under the multicolored lights of a Persian mosque lamp her short, coppery hair glowed fierily. She was of the type which excites controversy. Seen as she appeared now, few would have denied that she was lovely.

IN a deep recess below the newel post June Sutton shrank, fearful. It was she whose cry had been heard in the study above. Molly O'Hay, her arm thrown protectingly about her friend, looked up, a challenge in her widely opened eyes. If the occasion had been less tragic one might have admitted the picture of the two girls, artlessly posed in a group of appealing beauty, both alarmed, but the Irish rose showing all her thorns in defense of the more delicate lily.

Stopford raced for the door. An observer must have noted a subtle change in the debonair ship's doctor. His monocle retained its place, but the fatuous good humor had fled in favor of a cold determination.

Madame Czerna barred his way with outstretched arms.

"You must not go out there!" she said, her French accent intensified by her passionate sincerity. "Those beasts will tear you to pieces!"

He checked. There was a swift exchange of glances. And—whatever or whoever Madame Czerna might be—Stopford knew a hot, wild gladness because of what he read in those beautiful, frightened eyes.

Regan came up with him.

"Open that door—quick!" he said.

"Stop!"

Page Sutton, pale but composed, was the speaker. June struggled to her feet and ran to her father.

"Don't go out there!" she pleaded. "Please don't let anybody go out!"

Molly drifted, naturally, to Roscoe.

"Someone must call the dogs off," she whispered—"someone they're used to."

"Myself, miss," said a calm voice.

MOLLY turned. Christopoulos, Page Sutton's Greek butler, stood at her elbow. Regan, thrusting past Madame Czerna, had drawn the heavy curtains aside and was tugging at the door bolts, when:

"One moment, sir!" Christopoulos cried.

Regan paused and looked around.

Bach, his most trusted agent, posing as a butler for the protection of Page Sutton, almost took the master sleuth off his guard in presence of all the guests.

"Well, Ba—" He checked himself in time. "Well, by all that's holy, what have you got to say?"

"This, sir: the dogs are used to me. For anyone—anyone—to go among them, now, would mean to be torn to pieces. They are used to my whistle. I will go out by another door and try to call them off. If I succeed, I will lock them in the yard. Then we can venture into the shrubbery."

"Going alone?" Regan growled.

"It would be better, sir."

There was a moment of magnetic silence.

"You're right," said Roscoe. "But I'll come too and stand by with a gun! Those dogs have smelled blood!"

Molly O'Hay met his glance for a moment. Then the commander and the butler-detective turned and went out by a door on the left of the stair. Regan grunted, glanced at Madame Czerna and Stopford, and then went out after them.

"Everybody must try to be calm," said Stopford. "We shall want lights, so will someone who knows the house please find them?" He turned to Page Sutton. "It might be as well, sir, if we were all armed."

"Good," his host returned. The doctor's calm manner had acted as a sedative. "I should be obliged if the ladies would go upstairs to the music-room. Cross, you know where the firearms are kept. Take this key and bring us four pistols and a packet of shells. Armitage will be here any minute and can join us."

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Dr. Cross took the key and went racing upstairs.

"Go along, June, my love," Sutton continued, his arm around his daughter's shoulders. "Lead the way. It will all turn out right enough."

June and Molly started up the stair. The latter turned:

"Come on, dear!" she called.

Madame Czerna, very slowly, followed.

IN a tree-shadowed hollow a Rolls, all lights out, was drawn up. A man sat at the wheel, his hat so shading his features that, had the lamps been lighted, it must have been difficult to identify him. His fingers rested upon an instrument not usually included in the equipment of even so luxurious an automobile as this.

"Tick—Tick! Ticker—Ticker—Tick—Tick!" he telegraphed.

And presently came the Morse message:

"Division A. A cordon of police being formed around the Zones operating. Stop. Impossible clear Zones. Stop. Advise dispersal units concentrated. Stop. Fear we are outmaneuvered. Stop. Report ends."

Immediately the instrument in the car replied:

"Disperse all firing groups. Stop. Disperse all B reinforcements. Stop. Instruct group master charge motor boat stand by. Stop. Instruct group master charge waterplane stand by. Stop. Disconnect."

Followed some moments of silence. Then the instrument repeated its call:

"Tick—Tick! Ticker—Ticker—Tick—Tick!"

At last, the answer came:

"Zone 2A."

"Your report."

"Roscoe allotted room facing Sound. Stop. Dogs have attacked, perhaps killed, someone in grounds. Stop. Search party setting out. Stop. Awaiting orders in room. Report ends."

Instantly:

"Proceed Roscoe's room," ticked the order. "Lift pillow. Return at once and report if reel of silk there and if silk extends through window. Stop. Test if tight or loose. Stop. Don't disturb. Stop. Hurry. Stop. Hold the connection! Move."

The silence which followed was broken by a sound of running footsteps. They ceased somewhere on the lip of the hollow. There was a muffled colloquy. Then a figure appeared beside the car.

"Well," said a musical voice—that of the man at the driving wheel.

"Report of Sector Captain 3A 3 covering Page Sutton home. Group Master 4, Sector 3A 3, inside the Sutton home, was attacked by the dogs while adjusting connection. He used his pistol. The house is alarmed. Group master believed to be dead."

"Had he made the connection?"

"According to outside report—yes."

"Stand by for instructions."

The figure disappeared into the darkness. The instrument in the car began to tick out a message:

"Zone 2A. Reel is there. Stop. Silk stretched tightly. Stop. Cannot stay in room longer. Report ends."

"Stand by from midnight. Disconnect."

Silence fell in the hollow where the lonely, darkened Rolls lay hidden.

"YOU'RE taking risks!" growled Ned Regan.

"I'm used to 'em!" was Roscoe's reply. "We're all in dinner kit, and I'm wearing a soft-brimmed hat."

Remote, behind the house, uprose the mingled protests of the wolf hounds, kenneled by the daring cunning of Bach. He had rejoined them at this very moment. His left hand was swathed in bandages.

The party of seven—for Wilson, the chauffeur, had reënforced it—poured out on to the lawn. Molly O'Hay watched from the balcony. Particularly she was watching Roscoe.

"Spread out!" said he. "There may be shooting."

They fanned out; then converged on the shrubbery. The night was still as a desert. Once under cover, they came together by the spot where the victim of the dogs lay. Stopford actually found him first.

A ray from an electric torch told the truth.

"Good God!" whispered Page Sutton. "Armitage!"

"Lights out," snapped Roscoe.

Five minutes later a ghastly thing lay under a sheet in the long, low outbuilding which formed a sort of bastard wing to the Page Sutton home. Igliants as in the badge of the Zone Officer, you'll note," Roscoe commented. "This poor devil must have corresponded to something like a sergeant major."

"He earned his pay," said Stopford solemnly.

"I wonder if he did?"

"What d'you mean?"

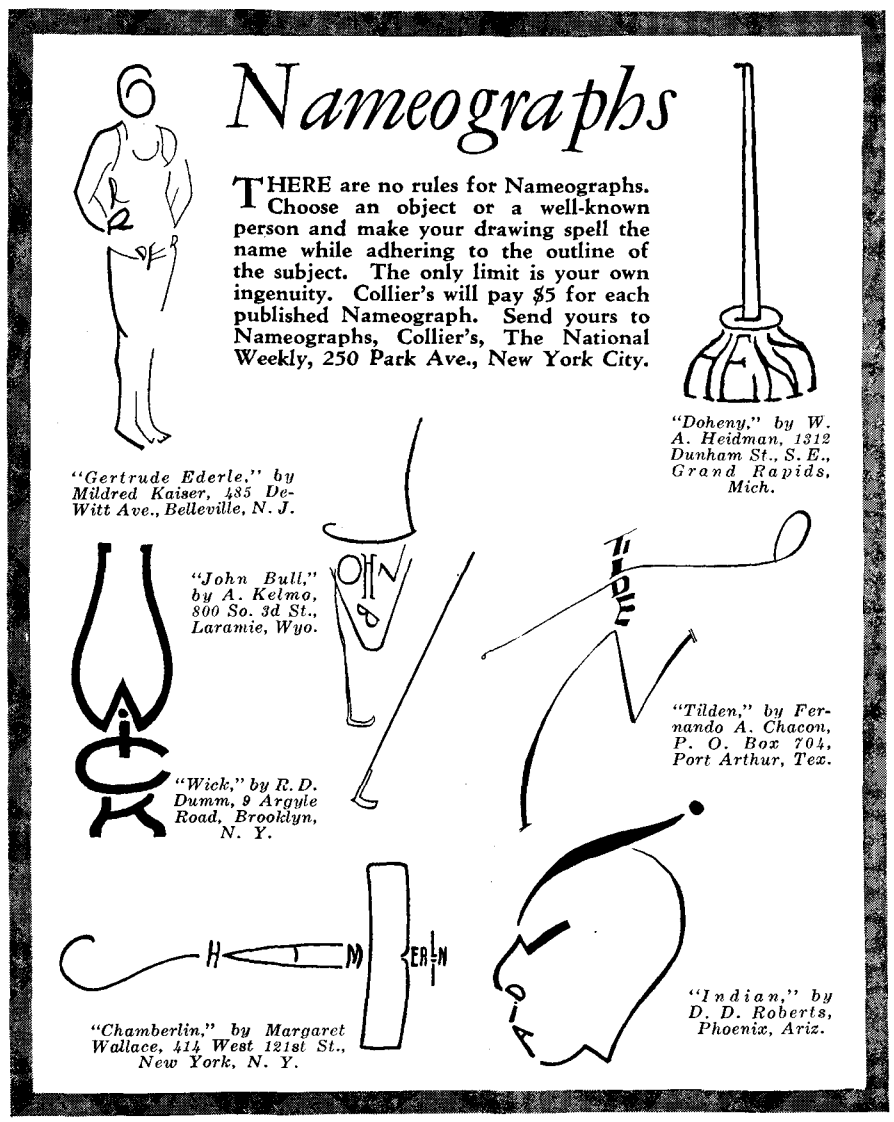
"We shall know later," was the cryptic reply.

"Shouldn't headquarters be informed?" Stopford asked as they made their way downstairs.

"Headquarters," Roscoe answered, "is busy enough. There are no less than 450 men covering this section at the present moment!"

It was not a genial atmosphere which prevailed when, presently, the house party came together again. The wolf dogs, newly released, were making the night hideous with their howling.

"We must forgive them," said Page Sutton, aside to Roscoe. "God knows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"Tilden," by Fernando A. Chacon, P. O. Box 704, Port Arthur, Tex.
"Wick," by R. D. Dumm, 9 Argyle Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.
"Chamberlin," by Margaret Wallace, 414 West 121st St., New York, N. Y.
"Indian," by D. D. Roberts, Phoenix, Ariz.

noring protests, Roscoe searched the body. He seemed to be dissatisfied.

"All in again," he directed tersely. "Then loose the dogs. Can you risk it, Bach?"

"Sure," was the confident reply.

Back in the house Roscoe headed straight for the room which had been occupied by the dead man. Among Armitage's scanty possessions he found what he had looked for. Stopford was at his elbow. Roscoe held up his find.

"We know what the badge of a 'Zone Officer' looks like," he said. "I have one in my collection. This, I take it, is the badge of a lesser official. But we're sure, now, that Armitage belonged to the Zones."

The thing was attached to a safety clasp, by which it might be fixed to the owner's garment. It was enamel, colored blue and white; three parts blue and one part white. Below was a tiny "G" executed in small diamonds.

"Not such a lavish display of brilthey did their job tonight. Even now I find it hard to believe that Armitage was just a spy."

"If you realized the genius behind the Zones," Roscoe answered, "you wouldn't find it hard at all."

He was watching Molly O'Hay as he spoke, and she, under cover, was watching the commander, although her conversation was divided between Ned Regan and Dr. Cross. Presently, however, the two came together, as was inevitable, since each was interested in the other.

"You know," said Molly—her brogue was most luresome—"there's something so *reminding* about your eyes! It's not blarney, Commander. I'm honest. I seem to have seen those eyes before!"

Molly O'Hay had met him before, once only. For the first time in his open, active life he had been disguised, and wonderfully disguised—by Ned Regan. Yet—she recognized his eyes!

"Do you remember a party at the apartment of your uncle, Father Burke?" he asked. "There was rather a strange man there. I forget his name; but he is a friend of Madame Czerna's—"

"A man who looked like Napoleon!" Roscoe nodded. He had good reason to believe that the man who "looked like Napoleon" was Head Center!

"There was another queer bird," he went on—"so my friend Stopford tells me: a dago dancer called, I think, Ramon de Sa."

Molly shook her head.

As "Ramon de Sa" he had attended the party; and it was the eyes of the man she had forgotten which were so similar to the eyes of the man she was unlikely to forget!

There was a certain reluctance to break up the party. Nobody expected to sleep well. But when, at last, all the indications pointed to dispersal, Madame Czerna, who had been fencing with Stopford, grew suddenly serious. "I am in the room that should have been the room of your friend Commander Roscoe—"

"Don't worry. He's quite happy."

"You do not understand." Now he was watching her closely. "The thing I have to ask is this—but you must protect me if he says, 'Who told you?'—Do not let him sleep in that room tonight!"

Before Stopford had recovered from the surprise occasioned by this remark Madame had bade everybody good night, had made her apologies charmingly, explaining how the car accident had shaken her, and had started up the stair.

As she crossed the carpet-draped gallery she glanced back, raised her finger to her lips, and pointed to Roscoe.

"THE dogs are quiet enough now," said Stopford an hour later.

"Yes," Roscoe replied, speaking in the same low tones. "If I am right in my theory the thing that is going to happen is *above* the dogs. But the death of Armitage perhaps stalled 'em."

"Poor devil! D'you mean you've got a notion what he was up to out there?"

"Yes. Speak softly. Regan and Bach are covering this room, but I don't know who else may be doing the same."

Stopford moved nearer to the open window.

"Easy!" Roscoe warned. "Not too near! Keep back! I'm supposed to be in bed—and you're supposed to be in your room. I think we've blinded the enemy, but I'm not sure."

Stopford, silent in bath slippers, came back.

"Has the truth about Page Sutton's map dawned upon you?" Roscoe said softly.

"No. D'you think it's a fake?"

"I'm sure of it! And I think I know why it was handed over to Sutton. Regan thinks that Sutton's life is in danger—"

"It rather looks like it!"

"It was meant to look like it, Stopford! But Page Sutton actually isn't in a bit of danger. The danger is to *me!*"

"But—"

He ceased abruptly.

Heralded by one warning bark, the whole wolf dog pack came sweeping around an angle of the house and out headlong onto the lawn below the window.

The dogs plunged into the shrubbery, some uttering short angry barks, others snarling savagely. Their heavy bodies created a constant lashing sound among the undergrowth. They could be heard leaping—and falling back; leaping—and falling back.

"Someone on (*Continued on page 43*)

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Now you tell one

EDDIE CANTOR calls these "the more simple rules" for story-telling and intimates that observance of them will make you a successful after-dinner speaker. We promise nothing.

1. Come to the point at once. Cut the tale as short as possible and avoid boring your auditors.

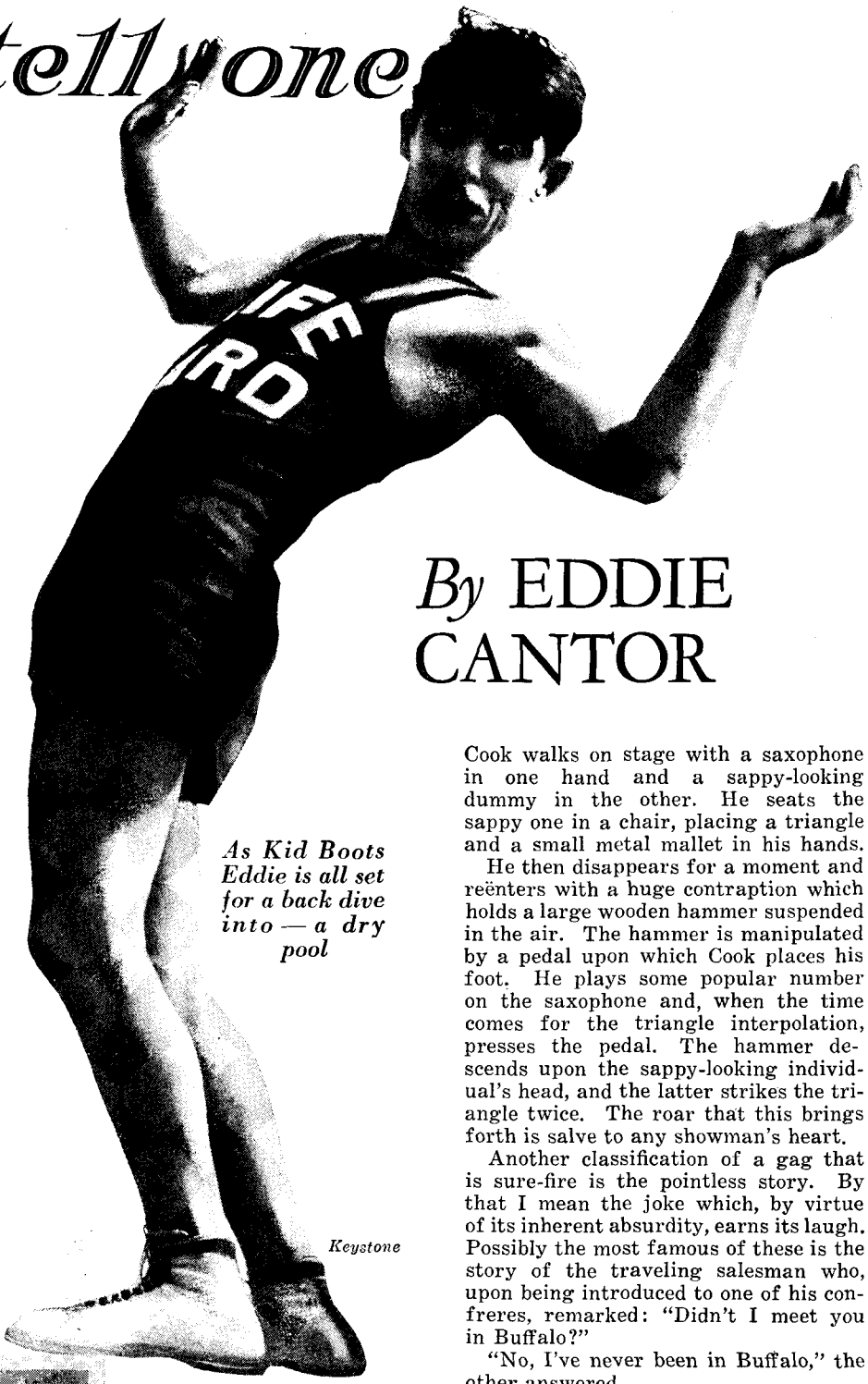
2. Never preface a tale with, "Have you heard this one?" If you think they have, don't tell it.

3. Avoid all dialect unless you're nothing less than a master at it.

4. No matter how great the temptation, try not to tell the same story more than once to the same audience. It's never so good the second time.

5. If you are telling a long story, get as many laughs as possible while working up to the point. A short story needs only one laugh, but a long one should contain at least three.

6. Don't laugh at your own joke. Always try to give the impression that you are unaware of having said anything funny.



As Kid Boots Eddie is all set for a back dive into — a dry pool

Keystone

By EDDIE CANTOR

THERE is a tale in the story books concerning a court jester who was given the alternative of making the hard-boiled king laugh or losing his head. The dyspeptic monarch, who had gone on the laugh strike, called for his fool, brandished his scepter menacingly and roared, "Make me laugh or your head is lost."

Now, this certainly was no laughing matter even for a person in the laugh business. But the jester had played the king's time for forty consecutive weeks, which was something of a record even in those days, so he was not going to lose his head without a struggle. Facially the old king was no John Gilbert, and his anti-laugh attitude had made his ugliness more pronounced. So the jester, rubbing a tentative finger across the nape of his neck where the ax was scheduled to fall, rushed to the royal boudoir, fetched a hand mirror and held it up to the king's face. Believe it or not, but I have it on good authority that the king howled.

I feel like this jester every time that I face an audience. When the curtain rises, Mr. and Mrs. Public become so many kings and queens who demand not one laugh but a whole evening full of them. How, then, does the modern jester succeed? Theatrically speaking, he loses his head as soon as he fails to produce laughs. And, like the jester in the tale, he never knows in advance whether or not his stuff is funny. Despite scientific progress there is not a way of dissecting jokes to determine the amount of humor they contain.

A great number of comedians tell their stories to friends before using them in the theatre. Personally, I never try out a story on a fellow actor. He is too show-wise. In other words, his mind is attuned to the wrong side of the footlights. He can, in all probability, give you the origin of a joke, catalogue the twenty-odd ways in which it has already been used, offer a dozen reasons why it is no good; but despite this expert criticism, the audience will usually laugh.

I have no faith in any laugh device until I hear the cash customers chuckle. Amateur story-tellers at least get a polite laugh from their friends. But any laughter that follows a terrible story in the theatre is usually caused by the spectators laughing at themselves for being such suckers as to pay good money for tickets.

Selling humor is a business that suffers from very unstable market conditions. Even ladies' shoes do not change style as rapidly as humor fads. Scientists say that light travels faster than anything else. But humorists know that a good story travels even faster than that. For that reason I have always tried to originate my own gags from incidents that I have actually seen or heard.

One of the best laugh inducers I have ever used originated in my own home. I had been touring the country for about six months, and on my return home was met at the door by one of my many children, Marilyn—she was four at the time.

"Mamma," she called up the stairway. "That man's here again."

Some comedians rely solely on the open market for their supply of comic stuff and patronize Broadway gag factories in the same manner that a cloak and suit buyer goes to the mart for new merchandise. Others subscribe to the humorous magazines, and I have heard it said that a few believe a tale is none the worse for a little larceny. But the best stories originate, for the most part, all around you. The antics Cousin Henry contributed to the last party may evolve into Broadway's funniest story in three months' time.

U. & U.

Will Rogers is Eddie's ideal ad lib josher

A joke to the average layman is merely another joke. The only difference he recognizes is that one elicits more and heartier laughter than another. But the professional story-teller classifies his gags as carefully as a Scotchman counts his pennies (it is rumored that the Scotch are stingy).

The type of joke that is sought after by comedians is the "belly laugh," or "wow." This is the gag that lays 'em in the aisles. This is the story that brings that sudden deafening crash of laughter across the footlights which makes the actor decide that maybe Chaplin is not so funny after all.

The belly laugh is an immediate laugh. It calls for no thought on the part of the audience to see its point. It is usually caused by slapstick pantomime or a funny line whose humorous phraseology detonates the laughter before the spectators quite realize that a joke has been told.

One of the greatest belly laughs I have ever seen or heard is used by Joe Cook in his one-man vaudeville act. Cook walks on stage with a saxophone in one hand and a sappy-looking dummy in the other. He seats the sappy one in a chair, placing a triangle and a small metal mallet in his hands.

He then disappears for a moment and reënters with a huge contraption which holds a large wooden hammer suspended in the air. The hammer is manipulated by a pedal upon which Cook places his foot. He plays some popular number on the saxophone and, when the time comes for the triangle interpolation, presses the pedal. The hammer descends upon the sappy-looking individual's head, and the latter strikes the triangle twice. The roar that this brings forth is salve to any showman's heart.

Another classification of a gag that is sure-fire is the pointless story. By that I mean the joke which, by virtue of its inherent absurdity, earns its laugh. Possibly the most famous of these is the story of the traveling salesman who, upon being introduced to one of his confreres, remarked: "Didn't I meet you in Buffalo?"

"No, I've never been in Buffalo," the other answered.

"Neither have I," said the first. "It must have been two other fellows."

But very few of these stories are really good. It is every bit as hard to invent a story without a point as it is to create one that conforms to the more conventional rules of humor.

Don't Hide the Point

AN ALMOST pointless story that actually happened to me has been used by myself and other comedians with good effect. One day I was sitting in the box office of the Winter Garden chatting to the treasurer, when a customer approached and asked the price of a ticket. He was dressed like the hero of The Old Homestead, and over a celluloid collar appeared the most naïve face that I have ever seen.

"Three eighty-five," said the treasurer in response to his question.

"That's an awful lot of money," replied the bucolic individual. "Haven't you got one cheaper than that?"

"Well, I can give you one for two dollars up in the balcony."

"Yeah," pondered the gent in the store clothes. "What's going on up there?"

The spontaneous or ad lib. gag is prized above fine gold and flawless rubies by the professional comic. There are, however, (*Continued on page 44*)

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Flash!

A GREAT ruler lies dying—a ship is in distress somewhere in the Pacific—a tornado sweeps the Middle West—another flyer hops off for Europe—and Hector Oomblatz of Galesburg falls under a train in Chicago. It's all news to somebody, somewhere. This is how a big news agency gathers, sifts and flashes out the events of the world so that you may read of them as you go home tonight or over your breakfast coffee.

By HUGH LEAMY

WHEN William Mitchell (he was then a colonel) was court-martialed not long ago because he had spoken out of turn regarding America's air-defense equipment there was naturally great national interest in the verdict. Some hours before the findings of the court were announced, the United Press correspondent at the trial flashed his organization:

COURT FINDS MITCHELL GUILTY

Immediately out over the wires serving client newspapers, the U. P. rushed the word, and many of these papers were able to carry the news in their final editions that day. It was late in the evening before the verdict of guilty was formally made known and released for publication in the newspapers of the following morning.

Now, this is how it came about that the United Press man was able to beat all the other agencies and correspondents on this important news. It's really quite simple once you know about it: he had familiarized himself with court-martial procedure and the significance of various little details. Consequently when the court, after deliberating for some time, summoned Mitchell before it again and asked him whether he had ever before been convicted by a court-martial, this correspondent knew that a verdict of guilty had been reached. He knew that such a question was put to a prisoner only when the court had agreed as to his guilt.

Their slightest doings sure-fire news: Mary Pickford, Ford, Edison, Mussolini, Coolidge, Pius XI

How a Local Item Grows Big

THAT was a clean "scoop." It was obtained through careful preparation, foresight and study. And that's the way most news beats are obtained in this mechanical age. Much of the romance and glamour has gone out of what those who have never been in it term the newspaper "game." But there has entered into it a new kind of enterprise, productive of a new and keener competition, a minute-by-minute matching of minds. For the elimination of romance the development of instantaneous communication and rapid transportation is largely responsible. They say, for instance, that the reporter who beat the world on the news of the death of Queen Victoria was able to do so because he rode a bicycle faster than any of his rivals.

The growth of news-gathering agencies such as the United Press and the Associated Press has had much to do, too, with making news reporting a closely knit combination of enterprise, ingenuity and mechanical reliability. But those agencies have their fascinating side. Imagine a desk in an office in New York or Kansas City from which reach tentacles of wire and cable that cover all the world—tentacles that can weave a news girdle up and down and round about the earth in less than Puck's vaunted forty minutes.

If you'd care to take a peek into the mechanics of handling a certain recent news story, it will give you a pretty clear idea of how news agencies function. Not very long ago an airplane crashed near Pottsville, Pa. The pilot was seriously injured, and his passenger was killed. Airplane crashes are not infrequent, but the story of one is still worth a paragraph or two in any newspaper any time. And so the United Press correspondent at Pottsville wired the New York office a brief account of the tragedy. New York noted that both the victims were from St. Louis, so they shot the story out slugged "Bulletin for St. Louis."

This meant that all the relay stations through which it passed either laid the paragraph aside or sent it out in the general run of routine news which each bureau offers subscribers on its circuit. That it was a big story for St. Louis went without saying, regardless of the importance or unimportance of the two men involved. However, as soon as St. Louis got its bulletin, the men were identified.

The pilot was the son of a prominent and well-to-do manufacturer. The dead man was equally prominent as St. Louis' wealthiest bachelor. This information St. Louis hurried back over the circuit, and bureau chiefs all along the line dug the original story from their spindles and sent out a bulletin regarding the wreck.

Newspapers with many editions "stepped up" what had started out as a paragraph or two into a front-page big-headline story. All this within a few minutes of the time that the Pottsville correspondent had dashed to the telegraph office. Organization and mechanical efficiency had translated a slender "bulletin for St. Louis" into a page-one item for the nation.

The rules that decide whether a man is worth a paragraph or a page are just as definite as any laws of mathematics—or almost so. Mr. Hector Q. Oomblatz—there, that ought to tip to the fact that we're just supposing—respected merchant of Galesburg, Ill., journeyed to Chicago one day with the intention of buying merchandise. He stepped from the train before it had stopped moving, and his leg slipped down between the car and the platform and was crushed so badly that it had to be amputated.

What and Who Make News

A FEW minutes later a paragraph went winging over the wires slugged "Bulletin for Galesburg." It hit Chicago, of course, and a few other communities in the vicinity of Galesburg, but that was all.

Let us suppose, however, that the train which crushed the unfortunate Hector had been an official one and that Secretary Mellon had run from his car and placed a pillow under the merchant's head as he lay on the platform waiting for the ambulance. Ah, me lads, then the wires of all the nation would have been weighted with the tale and the cables would have carried it to the British Isles and perhaps to France.

But let us suppose—I can keep this up as long as you can—that it was Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, the Prince of Wales or President Coolidge who stepped from the train and lifted Mr. Oomblatz's head (*Continued on page 42*)

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Round Garters

A scientist, no matter how scientific, is sometimes just plain man

By RUTH BURR SANBORN

Jan was not clinging to Mark Gibbon at all; she was pushing him away

Illustrated by HENRY DAVIS

ANTHROPOLOGY is the study of mankind.

Mankind, of course, includes womankind. Andrew Kane was an anthropologist. He could have told you in a minute that woman is the female of the genus homo, with smaller bones, shorter stature and less tendency to deviation from the mean, but he could not have told you whether or not his landlady's daughter liked to go to the movies.

Andrew was a field worker at the Sanbrielle Museum of Anthropology, where he was spoken of as a promising young man. He had assisted at the excavation of the tomb of Canshootsitsu II in the Valley of the Kings, and conducted researches in the pueblo caves of the Southwest. Now he had discovered a brand-new culture area near Perigon in Yucatan. Andrew was accustomed to being taken seriously. But you could not say that it had made him vain.

When Andrew looked in the mirror, for instance, as he was obliged to do whenever he shaved or tied his tie, he saw a blond—dolichocephalic, leptorine Nordic—and thought no more about it. But when he went striding down the corridors of the Sanbrielle Museum and all the little stenographers rested their spike-nailed fingers on their typewriters and shook their permanent waves at him they saw something quite different: they saw a tall, spare young man, with broad shoulders and a manner of complete unconcern. They saw six feet one of pure romance, burned by tropic suns so that his furiously fair hair was lighter than his skin and his blue eyes seemed bluer than reason said they could be. No matter how conventional the gray tweed of his actual attire, they saw him in flapping white linen and a pith helmet.

That was the way they saw him that morning in June when Andrew ran up the steps of the Sanbrielle Museum as lightly as if he had not just finished a two-thousand-mile journey from Yucatan, and hurried toward the curator's office with his head in the air and under his arm a black tin dispatch box containing half a jaw and a whole thumb bone and a ceremonial dagger with a little gold god sitting on the end. Andrew had come directly from the sleeper, but he was himself so completely unaware of being mussy that everyone else was unaware of it too.

THE whole museum was holding its breath for Andrew Kane's arrival. He had telegraphed Mr. Shippenwaite, the curator, from New York, and all the little stenographers had put on their brightest printed silk dresses and daubed their strongest perfume on the lobes of their ears and come to work on time so as not to miss him. And then Andrew Kane hurried down the corridor, and did not see one of them. He was not interested in stenographers. He was interested in anthropology.

Andrew was not interested in secretaries either, but he could not help seeing Jan Malory the minute he opened Mr. Shippenwaite's outer office door. Jan Malory was the kind of young person that no one could help seeing. She had more rebellious curling dark hair than anybody else in the office, brushed straight back so that it made points in the middle of her forehead and at the temples and points in front of her ears; she held her head every bit as high as Andrew held his, and her little pointed chin perhaps a trifle higher. She had the most arrogant small turned-up nose in the world, and made no pretense of working because she liked to. Jan worked because the Malorys had lost their money; there was no secret about that.

Andrew, of course, did not notice all these things about how Jan Malory looked. To him she appeared merely a feminine example of the genus homo, with small bones, a height of about 160 centimeters, and probably very slight divergence from the mean.

"Mr. Shippenwaite," he said briefly—and waited for Mr. Shippenwaite to be produced.

Miss Jan Malory raised her chin an imperceptible fraction of an inch.

"What name, please?"

Andrew was honestly surprised. He had discovered a new culture area in Yucatan and had telegraphed his arrival—and now they asked him who he was. "Kane," he said shortly. "Andrew Kane."

JAN MALORY picked up a pencil with deliberation. "A-n-d-r-e-w," she spelled slowly. "C. . . . Do you spell it C-a-i-n, Mr. Kane?"

"K-a-n-e," said Andrew, just the least bit louder than was necessary.

Little tousle-headed Betty Pherson, filing yesterday's correspondence in the cabinet against the wall, looked up and giggled.

"Thank you," said Miss Malory demurely. "I'll tell Mr. Shippenwaite that you are here."

She rose to go to the inner office, and Andrew, to his surprise, became aware that she wore a dress with the whitest collar and cuffs that he had ever seen. He glanced at his own cuffs, fresh from the train.

Jan Malory, on her way to the inner office, passed close to Betty Pherson at the filing cabinets, and as she passed they exchanged whispers.

"Isn't he grand?" whispered Betty Pherson.

"He doesn't hate himself," whispered Jan Malory.

They were very low whispers. But Andrew's ears had been trained to overhear the plottings of native guides by night.

To his surprise again, Andrew found himself annoyed. He did not care, of course, what these office chits said about him, but he was annoyed all the same.

Andrew was hot and tired. He had just come from a sleepless night aboard the train, following a voyage on a not very good boat from Progreso; and before that he had traveled extensively by horseback, muleback, foot, canoe and carrier. Andrew had a right to be annoyed.

Miss Malory came back almost at once. "Mr. Shippenwaite will see you," she said in that little cool, tormenting voice of hers. Outwardly she was the perfect secretary admitting an honored guest. But in her eyes there was laughter—laughter at him. It was that laughter in Jan Malory's eyes that made Andrew angry.

"You're a disharmonic type," muttered Andrew, "and your goniac angles are much too prominent." He muttered it loudly. He hoped she *would* overhear. And he tramped past her into the inner office and slammed the door behind him.

Afterward Andrew could not imagine how the thing had happened. Certainly he wished that it had not happened. For when he made that informal entry into the curator's office he found not only Mr. Shippenwaite, gray-haired, keen-eyed and kindly, but he found Mark Gibbon and another man there

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too. Andrew was not really professionally jealous of Mark Gibbon, but he would have preferred to make a more dignified and scientific entrance.

Mr. Shippenwaite welcomed Andrew kindly, and Mark Gibbon shook hands with him too and clapped him on the shoulder. Mark was like that: hail-fellow-well-met with everybody. He was big and brightly colored, already a little too bulging about the waistband; his eyes were a little bulging, too, and they shifted constantly, never quite coming to rest. Andrew did not like him. He could not say just why.

Even Billings he liked better, though Billings, first off, seemed less likable: a little man, the color of an egg, with a pale mustache singed in the flare of his perpetual cigarette, Billings was one of the hangers-on about the skirts of science. He would have liked to be a big, bold, brave man—and he wasn't. He could not even make up his mind to contribute to science from his abundant means. No more, now, could he make up his mind whether to go or to stay. He made one or two false starts; he mumbled once or twice indefinitely. And then at last he went.

Mark Gibbon did not go. He was not that kind.

"Well, well," he cried. "And how's every little thing in Yucatan?"

"Hot," said Andrew shortly.

Andrew was acutely conscious that Billings had left the door open again behind him, and that the secretary could look right in and hear every word he said. He found himself suddenly very hot—hotter than he ever remembered having been in Yucatan. He also felt unnecessarily large. He sat down with his hands on his knees—and his hands seemed enormous. He put the tin box under his chair and hid it behind his feet—and his feet seemed large enough to have hidden an entire culture area. For the first time in his life he felt disinclined to talk about science.

Nevertheless Mr. Shippenwaite was asking questions. Were there other sites in the region of Perigon that would repay excavation?

"Yes." Andrew didn't elaborate.

Was Andrew sure of this? Had he evidence? Mr. Shippenwaite had rather a special reason for asking.

"Yes," said Andrew.

The rather special reason had to do with the Copplehammer Foundation. The funds under this foundation were now largely in Mr. Shippenwaite's hands to administer, and it had occurred to him—

Mr. Shippenwaite hesitated, but Andrew did not speak.

"What do you think of that?" prompted Mr. Shippenwaite eagerly.

"Very nice," muttered Andrew.

"Perhaps," prompted Mr. Shippenwaite, "you will sketch the work that has already been done there."

"I'll come in again tomorrow," muttered Andrew ungraciously.

THE next day Andrew came in again. He had spent a mean afternoon the day before and an even meaner night. He had been worried because he had not given a better report of Perigon—and he had come away in such a hurry that he had left the black tin box behind. It had been his tenderest care all the way from Yucatan, and he could not think how he had happened to let it out of his hands. He would have telephoned, but he was afraid that the secretary would laugh at him for forgetting.

But that morning things went better. Andrew had a new suit of a pleasant shade of gray, with a touch of blue in tie and socks and handkerchief, and he had a new hat and new shoes and a pair of new gray gloves to flap between his fingers; he could see from the way the little stenographers looked up sidewise at him that his choice had been successful.

He sat on the edge of a chair in Mr. Shippenwaite's office and talked long and competently of Perigon; he opened the box and spread out the jaw and the thumb bone, and fondled the ceremonial dagger; he drew charts and diagrams and pointed out things on maps and totted up columns of figures and proved amazing things.

Mr. Shippenwaite leaned back in the chair opposite with his eyes narrowed to keen bright slits; he was a large, square, stone-gray man, with a reputation for being able to look right through a person and a habit of whistling softly between his teeth to no known tune. Occasionally he put a question, and at the end he shook hands with Andrew again and said he had done a good piece of work.

"Thank you," said Andrew. "And now about this Copplehammer Foundation. . . ."

"Ah—yes," said Mr. Shippenwaite. "We must talk about that some day."

HE CONDUCTED Andrew himself through the outer office, which was by way of being an honor. Miss Jan Malory was typing busily and did not look up. Andrew found himself lingering.

"A disharmonic type, I notice," he said to Mr. Shippenwaite.

"Ah—yes," said Shippenwaite. "And a very nice person."

And he suddenly walked Andrew over to Miss Malory's desk and introduced them.

When Andrew left the office he found that he was going to take Miss Malory to dinner. He kept muttering to himself.

"Very interesting," he muttered. "Disharmonic type. Always very interesting."

Nevertheless, in spite of the undoubted interest of the placement of Miss Jan Malory's cheek bones in relation to his chin, Andrew had never been so completely at a loss as he was when he found himself sitting opposite her across a little glittering table in the Peglar dining-room. He could have told you to an item the probable diet of the ancient Mayas of Chichen-Itza, but he could not think what to order for Miss Jan Malory. He gripped the long menu card firmly by both edges to keep it from shaking. And it shook just the same.

Even when, somehow, something had been ordered, the dinner went off haltingly. It was Jan Malory's fault. She had the most unscientific attitude toward life that Andrew had ever seen.

"You ought to do research," he told her once.

"I do," said Jan.

He was eager at once. "What you working on now?"

"Modern man."

"That's too large a field," objected Andrew. "You ought to limit it."

"I may later," said Jan.

"I meant excavation. Digging."

"Gold digging?"

He corrected that idea at once: "Oh, you wouldn't find much gold. Just ceremonial objects." He wondered why she laughed.

When Jan Malory laughed she showed two little rows of teeth—central incisors, lateral incisors, canines and the edge of the bicuspids—and since these were all extraordinarily even and white, the effect was rather good. Andrew tried to say so, but could not think exactly how to put it. He returned in confusion to the disharmony of her type.

"You are hyperdolichocephalic," he told her firmly. "The nasion-gnathion height is very small in proportion to the bizygomatic breadth. Pigmentation is unusual: such fair skin with such dark hair, and eyes. . . ."

"What color are my eyes?" inquired Jan.

It brought Andrew up with a round turn. "Blue," he said. "Blue, I guess; with—with *purple* in them." It did not sound so scientific as he would have liked to have it. He added quickly: "And there's no doubt about it, Miss Malory; you have a mesorrhin nose."

Jan Malory (*Continued on page 39*)

They saw six feet one of pure romance, and his blue eyes seemed bluer than reason said they could be

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A way with Women

By JOHN B. KENNEDY

Seumas Flaherty does a bit of courting on the side and finds himself in deeper than he likes

Illustrated by JOHN ALAN MAXWELL

Seumas treated Maggie to the best there was at the pub, and there was much gossip

WHEN a man that has never married is asked why he never married, there are many answers to be made; but a frank man will tell the truth, which is that at some time or other he has been made wary of women. But for that Seumas Flaherty, the craftiest man in Krongale, might not be living alone with only his wits to live by when maybe a wife with sound health and a larruping tongue could have stirred him to better ends.

At the time of the election that was held for a coöpter Flaherty came as near to marrying as is safe for a man that would not succeed at it. Judge Carmody was the coöpter—a man they call the justice of the peace in England and America and elsewhere. The judge had been coöpter for many years, a fine man with broad shoulders that wore a square black hat above his rock of a face and was a prosperous barrister whom the juries loved to hear make orations. A fair judge he was, albeit a trifle impatient with the men of the town that liked to make things merry after the hurling matches or at the wakes when old whisky was passed around and many toasts sung for the dead and living.

It was his strictness in warning Sergeant Groly to keep an eye on such gatherings and especially on Cahil's public, that occasionally was found breaking the license hours to favor customers, that set men against the judge. When the election came near at hand it was known that the Krongale Council of nine men was divided, they being the body that elected the coöpter. Then Peter Ryan, a member of the council, the farrier that had the smithy at the crossroads by Ardnacrusha, put himself up as a candidate against the judge.

Ryan was a stubborn man, with a nose for opposition, and also he bore a grudge against Judge Carmody, claiming that his land tax—which the coopter fixes—was too high by a pound and ten shillings. Which was foolish of him, for this was an assessment for the new road from the Gap of Krone to Ardnacrusha, without which few jaunting cars or riding men would be trading at the smithy.

There were also others among the councilmen with a grievance against Judge Carmody, for he was stern in matters large and small and not like coöpters before him who, at times when elections neared, would do favors with the taxes and such matters for the members of the council. Judge Carmody had a strong mind against such things.

So, with the nine men split among themselves, Peter Ryan was cunning enough to make promises to some of his fellows on the council and had such progress with them that, although at first it had been considered impudent and ridiculous for him to oppose Judge Carmody, serious folk of the town soon admitted openly that his election might be brought about. Others not serious, like Seumas Flaherty and Kate O'Hare, an old woman the judge had once sent to the home of the half-wits in Merelly, went about telling that Judge Carmody would be beat.

IN THE private bar of Cahil's public house, secluded from the rough lads that might be spying on their words, Judge Carmody met with his friends on the council to find how things stood. Myles Murphy was there, a chin-bearded man that had never shaved since the Boers lost their war, and Roderick Cassidy, the monument cutter, likewise Mahan, the grocer, that ran the post office. Cahil served them, and genial he was, the judge and the others having no way of knowing that Cahil secretly supported Peter Ryan against the judge, Peter having promised to be easy with Cahil should he become coopter.

"It is this way things stand," said Murphy to the judge, Cahil standing by and overhearing. "It is four we are certain with you; but Peter Ryan has O'Toole, that is his wife's brother, and Madigan, that you fined ten shillings

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They were about to beat Seumas when Judge Carmody came on them

for the blow he struck Sergeant Groly at the church games last Sunday, and he is a councilman to his scandal. That, with Ryan's own vote, is three votes for him, with perhaps Connolly, the Bootmaker."

"There's a man hard to trust in politics," said Roderick Cassidy.

"I have his word," said the judge, "that he is with me."

"Yet," put in Cahil slyly, "I heard him only last night in the public bar talking with Peter Ryan, who made the motion to give Connolly the order for boots for the people at the loony place in Merelly and the union house up at Barrydale. I heard Connolly tell Peter that he would make a likable coöpter."

"Very well," said the judge sharply. "Check me the names of the men, Myles Murphy, for I am one to fight for a place or a conviction, but not blindly."

So Mahan, the grocer, a man quick at writing names and spelling them, put them down, and of the nine men to vote for a coöpter it was reckoned that the only man doubtful would be Matthew Birmingham, the printer.

"That is the lad we need to win, Judge," said Mahan, and Murphy and Cassidy nodded agreement, the judge likewise.

"He's a cunning fellow," said the judge, "with frozen blue eyes that will make no pledge, not with the devil himself demanding it."

"With angels to back him on both sides," said Murphy. "A teetotaler, too, he is, with the lean, glum sister that no man has ever married."

"That is not our concern," snapped the judge. "I'd not so much as touch my hand against the wind to curry his good favor or his sister's."

"Yet it is said she dominates him, Judge dear," said Cahil.

Judge Carmody was about to reply, with anger, when Seumas Flaherty poked his head through the door. His string of whiskers wilted at the tips, and his watery eyes were narrow and hunted. Cahil beckoned him into the bar, and the judge, looking at him, ordered a mug of stout for him. This Seumas drank heartily till his nose shone in the bottom of the mug.

"That's a good thing to be having," he said, smacking his lips, "after a man has been set upon by a woman."

"HOW is that?" said the judge, watching Seumas coldly, for he had heard how Seumas had spoken against him. Myles Murphy and the others seemed little interested, they regarding Seumas as a man of schemes, and one to be watched.

"It is the work I did for Birmingham, the printer," said Seumas.

"And what work indeed was this?" asked the judge.

"There was a load of peat outside Birmingham's house," said Seumas, "and the tall, sharp-tongued woman that is his sister called me as I passed and promised me two shillings to carry the load to the peat-house at the back. When I had done this she claimed to have offered me only eighteen pence."

"Then split it at one shilling and ninepence and both be right," bade the judge.

"I'd sooner move it out into the road again than work for nothing," said Seumas angrily.

"Do as I say," said the judge, rising to leave, his friends likewise. "Compromise with her. You lose threepence from your reckoning but gain as much from hers."

They left, then, and Seumas sat alone with Cahil standing there. Cahil grinned at him, and Seumas, observing this, wondered why it was that a man who relished him little should show pleasantry. He was the more surprised when Cahil filled his mug with stout and as he swallowed it sat down to talk.

"A great favor you can be doing us lads the judge is hard on at times," said Cahil. "Have you the mind to it, Seumas?"

"To what is that?" asked Seumas.

So Cahil told him what he had learned of the tight division among the nine men of the Krongale Council, and as he spoke Peter Ryan himself came in, that was a candidate for coöpter against Judge Carmody—a bulky man, with bushy brows and a bald head, withal a cunning smile. He, too, sat beside Seumas and heard Cahil explain how Judge Carmody and his friends had agreed that one vote, that of Birmingham, the printer, was uncertain for either side.

"That is how I reckon, too," said Peter Ryan. "And Birmingham's vote is the one I must get. Yet he's a cold fellow that can go to the ballot with one name on his lips and another in his head."

THEN Cahil explained how Seumas Flaherty, to whom he pulled fresh stout, had done work for Birmingham's sister that was Maggie Birmingham, and about the dispute over pay, whether it was two shillings or eighteen pence.

"Here is the two shillings, Flaherty," said Peter Ryan, passing the coins. "And one more besides for you to tell Maggie Birmingham her debt to you is paid with my compliments for moving her peat from the road. Make favor with her, man, and have her brother vote for me in the council for coöpter come a fortnight and there'll be more than mugs of free stout to gladden you."

Seumas took the money and sat long, considering. So long, indeed, that Cahil filled his mug again and again, he and Ryan watching Seumas and letting the potman care for the lads clamoring at the public bar. Seumas turned over many things in his mind.

"She's a sharp-tongued woman," said he finally. "And I doubt whether pleasantness may affect her overmuch."

"But Judge Carmody is hard on us at times, and Peter Ryan here will be an easy one to deal with."

"I shall be that," promised Peter.

"Look you," said Cahil, "the way the judge treated you roughly after you played that trick on the fishermen—scaring them off the river entirely by swimming around disguised as a shark: all to beat them to the first haul of fish!" And Cahil refilled Seumas' mug. And Flaherty, after smoking in deep thought for a while, arose and shook hands with Peter Ryan.

"It will go well for us if you win," said he. "That I believe for we have your word. Now there is a plan in my mind that is good for you, Peter Ryan; but it'll be stout and things I'll need at night to make it successful."

Cahil made him promises, and likewise Ryan. Seumas went out, and it was only two days after that when Cahil heard men in his public discussing how Seumas Flaherty was having an affair with Maggie Birmingham, the sister of Birmingham, the printer. They had been seen walking to and from church together on Sunday; this being noted, for Seumas was rarely seen there, even alone. A sight to be looked at, they were: Maggie Birmingham, tall and angular with an ax-jawed face, determined looking, and the cold blue eyes her brother had that seemed to be reckoning the inches of everyone she looked at. She strode beside Seumas on the walks he took her, he hobbling a bit with his right foot that had been caught recently in a trap set by Colin Cavanaugh to catch foxes marauding about his poultry farm.

SEUMAS took Maggie to Cahil's public, she at first being loath. But they sat in the private bar there, screened from the common fellows. Seumas ordered the best food Cahil had, and fine whisky and cigars for himself and port for her, or sherry. When Cahil told him how high these things cost, Seumas replied that it was needful to entertain her so, as her brother's mind was powerfully set to vote for Judge Carmody and against Peter Ryan, and she needed much persuasion to change him.

After other nights of jollifying Cahil became impatient and said he could serve them only bread and cheese, as the larder was emptied, but Maggie Birmingham spoke aloud for him to hear, with his back turned.

"My brother thinks well of Judge Carmody," said she, "and will, I think, be voting for him."

Next night Cahil had everything.

Men stopped Seumas on the street at that time and slapped his back and winked at him, telling him it would be well to settle down with a good wife that would test him with her tongue, she being prepared by long waiting for a husband. Seumas winked back when they said these things. But all the word that came from him direct on such a matter was when the nights were near upon the night before the council's voting for coöpter, and again he took Maggie Birmingham into Cahil's public. Peter Ryan was there and Seumas proceeded to order a grand feast for himself and Maggie Birmingham. So Peter, seeking to show politeness to the sister of the man whose vote he sought anxiously, excused himself and with Cahil beckoned to Seumas to leave the table and talk with them back of the wooden screen separating the private from the public bar.

"I'll stand no cost of the feasting this evening," Cahil told Seumas. "It is every night now for a fortnight nearly you have eaten and drunk at my cost —*fourteen pounds and nine shillings* all told."

"A ripe appetite you have," Peter Ryan scolded Seumas, "and what promise is there to us, for Cahil will make me pay?"

"Whisht!" (*Continued on page 45*)

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A Little Bit Extra

By ELIZABETH MacDONALD OSBORNE

What seasoning is to meat the accessories are to a costume. Watch out that you don't overdo them

OF COURSE I don't know what part of a painting an artist likes best to do, but it always seems as if he must enjoy most putting in the high lights—the little spots that give life to the canvas.

It's this little spark of life one adds after the foundation is built that catches the attention of the observer first and forms your first sensation of either pleasure or distaste.

The high lights of a costume are the accessories. And they are overdone by the average woman.

Have you ever looked carefully at a Chinese print? It seems at first just a mass of olive brown, but there is something about the color that brings back your attention for a second look. Then you see a pattern—a scene of some sort; then you spy a note of color—a dull henna probably—down in the corner somewhere, and there it is again in another place. It is so much more fun to discover something than to have it hit you in the face.

That is the effect that should be aimed at in clothes, but while skirts are so short and stockings so light, hosiery will continue to take too much of the public eye.

Nothing can be done about that at the present time, but the rest of the high lights should fall into their proper places.

There is a law of beauty which says: don't divide the spots of interest, and this must be taken into consideration when putting on the extras. If you are wearing beads, leave off the flower.

The light spots this season in an otherwise dark costume are the gloves, hosiery and hand bag.

Of these the most exasperating to buy is the hosiery. You can never find the shade you need in the kind of stocking you want, and if by some miracle you do, the color is wrong after it is washed.

The most becoming stocking is the one with the pointed heel. When the heavy part of a heel ends in a straight line across the back, the width of the ankle at that point is accentuated. Most of the manufacturers make stockings with both kinds of heels, and why a woman ever chooses any but the pointed one I do not know—yes, I do know. It is because she doesn't think.

The next problem to settle is—cotton or silk tops? If you can afford it, buy silk tops. If you wear short skirts that ride up to your knees when you are sitting down, buy silk tops even if you can't afford it. A cotton top on a silk stocking is a sort of family skeleton—its existence must be concealed.

The weight of a stocking should be considered. For most purposes a medium weight is preferable. Chiffon hose have long been worn to functions where they do not belong and on legs which required more adequate covering. They are most appropriate when worn with evening frocks.

The color is the most baffling feature. It is wise to decide on a natural hue that will blend with most of your costumes. Beige or tan is better than gray unless you wear gray costumes. When gray stockings are worn with dark blue or green the result is lifeless. Beige will prove to be much more satisfactory.

For brown costumes the buff and wood-brown shades are the best. The stocking must always be lighter than the dress and always DULLER; it is a great mistake to wear a stocking that has any decided color. It should always be blended sufficiently with gray to keep it in the background and under the dress—figuratively speaking. When worn the color is lighter and pinker than on the counter, so it is just as well to pick a shade with no pink in it unless it is to accompany a red-brown or pink-brown costume.

Beware of Stormy Weather

WHEN you think you have found the right shade, quality and heel buy one pair. Try the stockings out; wash and try again (of course you need a full-length mirror for this); if satisfactory, order six pairs and life will have one worry the fewer.

For evening the color of the hosiery should match the bare arm, but don't let the words flesh color fool you. You must be from Missouri in this dressing game.

On the street in winter the stockings should not form too great a contrast with the coat. A middle shade neither light nor dark is best. On stormy days light stockings are very much out of place on pedestrians.

There is a bronze shade and a gun-metal that will be worn this winter, and many rush to meet the return of black stockings, but as long as a large majority are wearing light stockings the very dark ones will be conspicuous. A sheer brown or sheer black is occasionally preferable with an afternoon or evening dress.

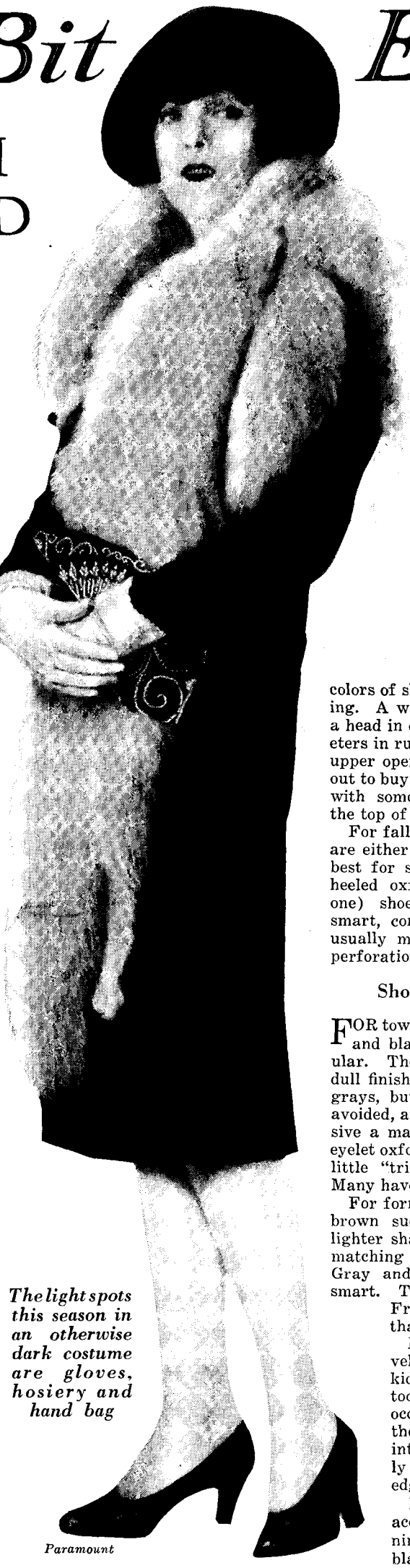
What seasoning is to meat the accessories are to a costume.

Delicious croquettes can be made of second-rate meat if the seasoning is done with a lavish hand, and the best meat that the best butcher can supply is flat if it lacks salt.

This forms the reason for a rule that is an important one in the art of dressing. SAVE ON THE DRESS AND COAT; NEVER ON THE ACCESSORIES.

Keep this firmly in mind when you step out to buy shoes.

NEVER BUY CHEAP FOOTWEAR.



The light spots this season in an otherwise dark costume are gloves, hosiery and hand bag

Paramount

This is essential, from the hygienic point of view, regardless of good looks. Aching and misshapen feet are "uglities" that need not be. A great deal of backache is due to incorrect posture and that in turn to ill-fitting shoes.

Your first object should be to get a shoe that fits, and for this you must have a salesman who knows his job.

What possible interest do you suppose the harassed basement clerk takes in your foot? His duty is to get rid of the stock. But if you walk into a reputable shoe store the clerk sees you as a possible steady customer. He devotes all his skill to fitting you with a pair of shoes which he knows will prove satisfactory and thus bring you back for more.

The different kinds and colors of shoes shown now are bewildering. A woman needs almost as steady a head in choosing her shoes as the riveters in running along on girders in the upper open spaces. Many a one starts out to buy a simple shoe and comes back with something elaborate enough for the top of a wedding cake.

For fall and winter most of the shoes are either black or brown. Calfskin is best for sports wear. The plain low-heeled oxford and one-strap (a wide one) shoe with Cuban heel are the smart, conservative models which are usually made interesting by bands of perforations.

Shoes Are More Simple

FOR town wear brown and black suède and black lizard are extremely popular. There is a gun-metal kid with dull finish that is successful with dark grays, but the shiny finish should be avoided, as it hits the eye in too aggressive a manner to be pleasing. Three-eyelet oxfords and strap shoes with very little "trim" are the accepted mode. Many have the moderate Cuban heel.

For formal afternoon wear black and brown suède again are popular, the lighter shades of beige and cocoa color matching the costume when possible. Gray and black lizard are new and smart. These have the high spike or French heel and are cut lower than the street models.

Evening slippers may be satin, velvet, moire or brocade; nacré kid and lizard are found here too. The opera pump is seen occasionally, but more usually the sandal type, with delicate interlacing of straps, frequently trimmed with silver or gold edges.

If one pair of slippers has to accompany more than one evening dress, the brocaded metals, black velvet with gold border or silver pearl lizard and nacré, are the most gregarious.

Shoes are simpler than they were. For which the gods be praised.

There have been decades when the right glove for each costume was a very important item and a fastidious lady had to shop (*Continued on page 41*)

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The

"Soak him, Bill. He's a bull," said Dick, low and hard

The Story Thus Far:

JUDITH ENDICOTT is on a trip out West with her father, who wants to get her away from the flapper wildness of New York and to get her interested in Philip Randolph, a young archæologist, in love with her. She is thoroughly enjoying herself until she overhears her father and Randolph cooking up a scheme to kidnap her. She decides to pretend she knows nothing about the plan and that she is what they think she is. Randolph pulls her out of a trench so roughly that she falls in his arms and he kisses her.

Next day the "kidnapping" comes off. When Judy resists fiercely Philip kisses her again. He apologizes, but sticks to his purpose. Disregarding a spanking by him for tantalizing foolhardiness, she secretly discovers his goal, the lost pueblo of Beckyshibeta (the water hole). When the fortune-hunting Durlands arrive she pretends she is Mrs. Randolph and that Philip is Black Dick, the robber, but "Black Dick" turns up too. A fake lynching of Philip comes near being real. Judy saves him. She is in love with him, but, to punish him for whipping her, insists he must marry her and then set her free.

THE short ride, the simple brief ceremony and the return to the hotel were like changing moments of a trance to Judy. She would not have exchanged the simplicity of her marriage for the pomp of royalty.

Once more safe in her room, she laid aside the bouquet, flung down her gloves, tore off the veil, and threw aside hat and coat. And she did not recognize the face in the mirror. Judy had never raved about her looks, but she gloried in them now.

"It's over. I'm his wife," she whispered, kissing the slim band of gold on her finger. "Now! Now I'm safe—and, oh, so unutterably happy! . . . How can I wait to tell him? Suppose he ran off to his desert before I could! . . . Oh, my bursting heart!"

Judy wept in the exaltation of that hour. It was long before composure returned, and then it was such composure as she had never known. No one would have guessed that she had cried like an overjoyous girl.

Her father knocked at her door and called: "Judy, we've arranged a lunch over here at a restaurant. Will you come?"

"Indeed, I will. Just a minute, Dad, and I'll join you."

She dispensed with the veil this time. Let them be mystified at the glow on her face and the light in her eyes! They were only men who knew nothing of the wondrous strength and generosity of a woman's heart. Then she went out.

"My word, Judy, but you look great!" exclaimed Endicott, with conscious pride.

Randolph stared at her as if she were an impenetrable stone image hiding the truth of woman. Nevertheless, once seated at table, the constraint eased, and they enjoyed a capital luncheon.

"Well, that was fine," said Endicott with satisfaction. "Now, Judy, we'll take you back to the hotel, where Phil and I must go into important conference over plans for work at Beckyshibeta."

"I shall not be lonely. I'll visit the stores—and look out for cowboys," replied Judy gayly.

"YOU'LL find cowboys on every corner," warned Endicott as he rose. "Be careful, Daughter. Put that veil back on!"

"Wait, Dad, please," replied Judy, catching his sleeve. "I've something to tell you and—my husband."

Randolph winced at the first use of that word between them; Endicott dropped back in his chair, sure of catastrophe.

Judy transfixed them with a glance in which long past resentment and pain blended now with some emotion they could not name.

"Gentlemen, do you recall one late afternoon at Bennet's trading post when you planned to kidnap me?"

Randolph looked stricken, and Endicott gulped, "No. Can't say I do."

"Tax your memory, Dad," went on Judy dryly. "It never was good. But this was a special occasion."

Randolph coughed uneasily. "I remember, Miss Endicott."

"I am no longer Miss Endicott," corrected Judy.

"Pardon, Mrs. Randolph," he rejoined mockingly.

"Dad, I was lying out in the hammock beside the open window when you made your infamous offer to Phil Randolph," said Judy.

"NO!" cried her father, thunderstruck. "I don't believe you."

"Listen. You'll believe your very own words," replied Judy, and went on to repeat many things that had been burned indelibly on her memory.

"That's enough," suddenly interrupted her father, very red in the face. "I see you were there."

"All the time you knew!" ejaculated Randolph, wide-eyed and ashamed.

"All the time," replied Judy, smiling at them.

"Lord save me from another daughter," burst out Endicott helplessly.

"I'LL run along now," added Judy, rising. "Thanks for the luncheon. I'll remember it. . . . Dad, we will wait for dinner on the train. . . . Mr. Randolph, you will go to the train with us to say good-by? Please. It will look better. Must I remind you—"

"No, you needn't remind me of anything," interrupted Randolph almost violently, dark and passionate pain and reproach in his eyes. "I'll be at the train to bid dutiful and respectful farewell to—my wife—forever."

"Ah! Thank you. Then all is well," replied Judy, averting her eyes. "Adios—till then."

As she glided away from them, out into the main restaurant, she heard her father say: "Phil, old top, I need a bracer."

Randolph's reply followed with a sudden scrape of a chair on the floor.

"Eli, you old villain, I'll need two," he said weakly. "And we'll drink to all that's left to me—Beckyshibeta."

Judy went out tingling, blushing, glowing. It was even more fun, more satisfaction, than she had anticipated. How flabbergasted her father had been! And she had dared only one fleeting look at the stricken Randolph. "All the time you knew!" he had cried. Judy reflected that when he had returned to a sane condition of mind he would recall many things that might embarrass her. But she would take good care he never recovered his sanity. Forthwith she went about the few last tasks needful to insure this blissful future for Randolph.

First she engaged the hotel porter to fetch Randolph's bag to the train with hers and her father's. She made it clear to the bright-eyed colored lad—as well as remunerative—that Randolph was not to see this removal. Next she set out to look for some cowboys. But not until actually embarked on this quest did she realize its absurdity and risk, not to consider embarrassment. It was an early afternoon on Saturday. Flagerstown appeared full of cowboys, and those she passed on the street were certainly not unaware of her presence. Finally, near the post office, Judy located three typical cowboys standing beside a motion-picture advertisement that graced the corner of the block. It happened to be a vacant lot, which accounted, perhaps, for the cowboys being comparatively alone.

Judy walked slowly by, calmly appraising them. How like Mohave, Zoroaster, Ray! Cowboys all resembled one another. Judy expected to be noticed and commented upon. She was not disappointed.

"Andy, did you see what I seen?" broke out one.

"Waal, I reckon. An' I'm shore dizzy," was the reply.

"Some looker, pards," added the third. "She's got Constance Talmadge skinned to death."

Judy reflected that she might better have taken her father's advice and worn her veil. But that was too late. On second thought, perhaps it was better that she had not veiled her face. These cowboys, or some cowboys at least, were indispensable to her plan. She had to have them. She was prepared to go to the limit of making eyes at them to carry her point. Thinking hard, Judy decided to walk by them again, down the street, then return and ask them to come into the post office. To that end she returned. As she neared them she was afraid she was smiling. What a warm feeling she had for these lean, hard-faced cowboys!

She passed, with ears acute to catch any whispers.

"My Gawd—Andy, look at that leg!" hoarsely whispered one. "Wimmen ought to be arrested for wearin' them short skirts."

"Only seen her eyes, but thet was a plenty," came the reply. "My pore little Susie! I'll never love her any more."

JUDY did not hear the third man's remark, and was glad. Her face burned. What keen devils these cowboys were! Right then and there Judy's plan, so far as they were concerned, went into eclipse. Still she would not give up. Crossing the street, she went into the department store, made a few purchases, and, going out, crossed the street again, at the other end of the block, and came down to enter the post office. She was cudgeling her brains. If those cowboys saw her and followed her into the post office, she would risk speaking to them. Most cowboys were chivalrous gentlemen at heart, for all their coarseness and deviltry.

There appeared to be only two men in the post office. One was huge and dark, the other small and fair. Suddenly Judy stood transfixed—thrilled.

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Water Hole By ZANE GREY

Judy Endicott Randolph has her revenge on two mere men and then plans one last surprise

She recognized bold black eyes in the giant and sly, twinkling ones in the other. She knew these men.

"Black Dick! Snitz!" she exclaimed, in astonishment. "Oh, I'm glad to meet you."

"Same hyar, Miss Endicott," replied Dick, smiling broadly as he doffed his ragged sombrero. "How about you, Snitz?"

"Me? I never was so tickled in my life," said Snitz, gallant and bareheaded. "It shore is fine of you to speak to us—after the deal we gave you."

"Never mind that. But aren't you afraid to be in town? Aren't you in danger of being arrested?"

"Waal, miss, not that we know of. You see, I'm not edzactly the feller you took me fer."

"Oh, then you're not Black Dick, the outlaw?" queried Judy in disappointment.

"I'm awful sorry, miss, but I ain't. Honest. Didn't your father tell you aboot us?"

"My father! No," replied Judy, ponderingly.

"Waal, he shore ought to have. Fer he hired me an' Snitz to give you a scare."

"Ah, I see. . . . And it was no accident that you left Mrs. Durland's jewel bag behind?"

"Accident? I should smile not. I jest hung it on a tree where she'd bump her haid on it."

"Well, well! My dad's the limit, isn't he?"

"If you want my idee, miss, I think he's a prince," replied Dick heartily.

"You'll always be Black Dick and Snitz to me. But I'm indeed glad you're not real desperadoes. What a trick you played on us!"

Suddenly a thought like a bright flash struck Judy into radiance.

"Come here, both of you," she whispered, and drew the grinning men away from the door into a corner. Here they were out of sight of the post-office employees. No others had yet entered. What luck! Judy felt a gush of riotous blood heat her veins. "Will you do me a favor? Do you want to make fifty dollars apiece?"

"Waal, Miss Endicott, yore voice is sweet music," whispered Dick.

"Lady, I'll lay down my life fer you fer nothin'," declared Snitz.

"LISTEN," began Judy hurriedly. "I am no longer Miss Endicott. I was married to Mr. Randolph today. . . . Never mind congratulating me. Listen. Father and I leave tonight on the Limited. Mr. Randolph—my husband—I'm afraid he doesn't want to go. I want him terribly. Will you help me kidnap him?"

"Waal, we'll hawgtie the cold-hearted scoundrel an' throw him on thet train," declared Dick, his eyes rolling.

"I never heerd of the like," added Snitz most forcefully. "The lucky son of a gun! But them archæologists are plumb queer ducks. Lady, we'll shore do anythin' fer you."

"Splendid. Can you get another trusty man—a friend—one who is big and strong? Randolph will fight."

"Shore. I know a feller who's bigger'n a hill. He can throw a barrel of flour right up into a wagon. Reckon the three of us can put Randolph on thet train in less'n a couple of winks."

"Very well. Then it's settled," went on Judy, now calm and serene. "Here are your instructions: The three of you be at the station when the Limited comes in. Keep sharp lookout for me. I'll be with Father and Mr. Randolph. Follow us a little behind—not too close—and when we reach our Pullman you wait a little aside. I'll stop at the car entrance nearest the drawing-room. I'll wait until the conductor calls all aboard. When I step up that will be your signal to seize Randolph and carry him after me. Be quick. And don't be gentle. Remember, he is powerful and will fight. I want this to go off just like that."

And Judy snapped her fingers.

"Lady, say them instructions over," replied Dick earnestly.

She repeated them word for word.

Black Dick lifted his shaggy black head.

"Jest like thet," he said, snapping huge fingers. "Lady, it's as good as done."

"Then here's your money in advance," said Judy, producing some bills. "You won't fail me?"

"I wish my chanst fer heaven was as good," rejoined Dick fervently.

"Lady, you shore picked the gentlemen fer that job," added Snitz warmly.

"You are my very good friends," concluded Judy, all smiles. "You are helping me more than you can guess. I'll never forget you. Good-by."

The afternoon passed like a happy dream. Judy spent most of it trying to think of things to say to Philip when the revelation came.

When the porter came for her bags she hurriedly got into hat and coat and omitted the veil. How white she was! Her eyes looked like great dark gulfs. She went downstairs. Her father looked exceedingly uncomfortable. Randolph had not a vestige of color in his face. She joined them, and they went out in silence. Dusk had fallen. The street lamps were lit. The air had mountain coolness in it. On the moment the Limited pulled into the station and slowed down to a stop, steam blowing, bell clanging.

It was only a brief walk from the hotel to the broad platform where the Pullmans stood. Judy had the glance of a hawk and saw every group of persons there. Not until she spied Black Dick and his comrades did the tension in her break. What a stupendous man the third one was! He made Dick look small. Judy knew Dick had seen her, though he seemed not to notice. He and his allies kept outside the platform, where Randolph was oblivious of them. Indeed he seemed oblivious of everything.

"Here's our car," spoke up Endicott, with an effort.

"See if our drawing-room is at this end," replied Judy, and she stopped to face round. That made her confront Randolph. Over his shoulder she saw her three accomplices scarcely a rod away, and Black Dick watching. It was going to be a success. Judy felt a blaze within her—an outburst that had been smothered.

Her father touched her arm. He looked miserable, shaken. "Drawing-room at this end. I'll go in. So long, Phil."

And he fled. Judy edged nearer to Randolph, then close, and peered up at him, knowing that a blind man could have read her eyes. But he was more than blind. She pulled at a button on his coat, looking down, and then she flashed her eyes into his again.

"Philip, I'm sorry. Promise me you'll never—*never* kidnap another girl."

"I'd do it tomorrow if I thought it'd hurt you," he returned hoarsely. "You lovely, heartless thing!"

The engine bell rang, to echo in Judy's heart.

"All aboard!" yelled the conductor, somewhere forward.

JUDY wheeled and ran up the car steps, and, turning, was in time to see three dark burly forms rush Randolph and literally throw him up the steps, to the platform. Judy ran into the corridor, shaking in her agitation. She heard loud exclamations, the tussling of bodies, the loud thud of boots. Then the men appeared half-dragging, half-carrying the fiercely struggling Randolph.

Judy fled to the door of the drawing-room. They were coming.

"Soak him, Bill. He's a bull," said Dick, low and hard.

Judy heard a sodden blow. The struggling ceased. The men came faster. They were almost carrying Randolph. Judy's heart leaped to her throat.

"In—here," she choked, standing aside.

They thrust Randolph into the drawing-room and rushed back toward the exit. Black Dick turned, his big, black eyes rolling merrily. Then he was gone. The train started—gathered momentum. Outside the porter was yelling. He slammed the vestibule doors and came running.

"Lady—what's wrong?" he asked in alarm. "Three men upset me. I couldn't do—nothin'."

"It's all right, porter," replied Judy. "My—my husband had to be assisted on the train."

"Aw, now, I war scared."

Judy's father appeared from down the aisle.

"What was that row?" he queried nervously.

Judy barred the door into the drawing-room.

"Dad, I've (*Continued on page 45*)

Illustrated by HAROLD BRETT

"It's too good to be true," he said huskily. "I can't believe"

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Culver Service

The price of the delay here at the Erie pier, New York, would move that much freight to Utica

Let's get rid of the Horse

By JOHN T. FLYNN

Our city streets today are no more adapted to him than railroad coaches are to hoop skirts. Time will come when horse-drawn vehicles will no longer slow up traffic —why not anticipate it?

THE other day a motor truck drew up to a city freight station. If its 2,000-pound cargo could have been unloaded at once, it would have taken fourteen minutes, and then the truck could have gone on its way. But because of congestion around the platforms, largely due to horse-drawn vehicles, the truck was held up for an extra fifty-four minutes. Now, every minute that truck stood waiting like that cost its owners 6 cents. This particular delay, then, totaled $3.24. For that amount the freight on the truck could have been shipped from New York to Utica.

If this were an exceptional incident, I wouldn't be coming forward now with a suggestion that the horse be abolished from our city streets and main traffic arteries. But it isn't. Every day owners of horse-drawn, necessarily slow-moving vehicles, in cities and on main highways, are causing delays and inconveniences that take money from the pockets of the colossal majority who use motor-driven trucks for the transaction of their business.

Beyond a doubt the time will come when you will no longer see horses and wagons contributing, as they now do, mightily to the congestion of traffic.

But why not anticipate this? The improvement under existing conditions would be remarkable—in a few years the effect would be tremendous.

This suggestion will meet with opposition from only two sources: well-meaning but unthinking horse lovers, and those selfish individuals and corporations which persist in using horses because they are cheaper or more convenient.

The views of the first group justify consideration, but they can be dismissed promptly. Abolish the horse from the smoke-heavy, gas-heavy city streets and you will be doing him a great kindness. Surely there is no more pitiful sight than a horse, drawn up to the curb, his nose forced almost into the exhaust of an automobile which is giving off poisonous, nauseous fumes. The horse gets small quarter on crowded streets today. Fenders scrape against his legs; horns blare at him harshly; frequently he must be reined in suddenly to give passage to a more swiftly moving motor vehicle.

As for the second group—assuming that they find horses cheaper to them—by what right do they practice economy at the expense of all of us?

A driver of a horse-drawn truck may be saving a few dollars, but he is loading expense on scores of others who are using high-powered trucks and who are held up while his horses slumber in the street or wander unhurried through crowded thoroughfares. He may be saving money, but he is using up more of our streets than he is entitled to.

Joseph P. Day, one of the great real estate men of the country, tells me that a city street is worth in money at least as much as the private property abutting it. On that basis you can easily figure how much property is being held up by the wagon driver whose wagon is parked at the curb taking up much more room than a motor vehicle, or moving along at a little less than three miles an hour—the average speed of a horse and wagon in the city.

Not long ago a big business house in one of our large cities operated 822 horse-drawn wagons. Now it operates 535 trucks, thus removing 287 cumbersome vehicles from the streets. This was like adding twenty city blocks of parking space to the city's resources—at least $5,000,000 worth of streets.

His Last Stand

THIS is an age of speed. I don't mean reckless, dangerous needless haste. I mean speed in communication, speed in transportation, speed in the mechanics of business transaction. The horse tends to slow it up.

There is nothing radically new in my suggestion. It has been heard before. When Richard E. Enright was Police Commissioner of New York City a few years ago he asserted in an official statement that the horse ought to be excluded from every street in Manhattan. Not long afterward, the president of the New York Board of Trade voiced a similar suggestion and brought down upon his head denunciation from "friends of the horse." Their arguments were unsound, but they were loud and long.

Chicago, Los Angeles, Denver and other cities have already seen battles over the question in their local legislative bodies. Indeed, Los Angeles did actually pass an ordinance forbidding horses from sauntering through the business section of that city. However, the horse users organized and forced a modification within six months, so that horse-drawn vehicles were forbidden the central business zone during certain hours. In Washington the district commissioners ruled all horse-drawn vehicles out of traffic on Sixteenth Street, a main artery which leads to northwest Washington.

Horse-drawn vehicles are prohibited in Detroit from using any avenue which has officially been dubbed a boulevard, and peddlers operating with a horse and wagon are barred from certain streets. In Chicago an elaborate report recently completed, while it does not recommend the exclusion of horses from the Loop, does, I understand, express the belief that such a movement must be made ultimately.

The department stores of the country operate about 27,000 motor wagons, but between them they have only some 500 horses. That makes about one horse to every twenty stores. That's progress. Fine! The horse is leaving the busy streets himself—but not fast enough.

He needs a little hurrying. One reason for this is that a powerful effort is being made to sell the idea that to certain forms of business the horse-and-wagon is indispensable.

The horse is making his last stand in the milk wagon, the bread wagon, the ice wagon and certain departments of the trucking business.

The horse is supposed to plod along, trained to follow his accustomed route from door to door, without any extra cost for stopping and starting.

I read a speech delivered by an iceman before a group of horsemen sometime ago. It was a beautiful and eloquent flight of fancy, filled with flowers of rhetoric about "Old Dobbin" and promising that never, no, never, would the iceman forsake the horse. But my iceman has forsaken him, and so too probably has yours. The milk companies and the bakers are finding motor trucks best for very long routes and the electric truck for shorter ones.

In Chicago, for instance, there are 917 bread routes. Of these about 700 have been taken over by motor or electric trucks.

Ask the Horse Himself

THERE are situations in which an operator who would prefer to use motor-driven trucks is forced to use horses because others who are already using horses tie up his trucks at docks and loading platforms. If you go to West Street, along the river in New York or any other similar street in any other city, you will see that 73 out of 100 trucks are horse-drawn. It's a lot cheaper to keep a horse standing still on the street than a motor truck.

The parking problem which exists in all our large cities has been duly recognized and steps taken to cope with it. But the horse-drawn vehicle presents its own peculiar parking problem, not alone when it is standing still, drawn up to the curb, but when it is moving. For surely in this day of swift-moving trucks and busses a wagon lumbering along less than three miles an hour is virtually parked—and parked right in the middle of the traffic artery.

Incidentally, mention should be made of the fact that even when it is literally parked the horse-drawn vehicle, while to some extent out of the way, is sprawled out—the wagon covering more than its share of space, the horses pointed out at an angle of about 45 degrees and occupying more space than the wagon. The engine of a motor truck uses up less space than the hindquarters of those horses—and the truck is moored snugly to the curb.

The ultimate objective should be the retirement of the horse from very large cities entirely. Meanwhile he should be kept off the streets of the active business zones. On all other streets the horse-drawn vehicle should be rigidly forced to keep to the extreme right while from main traveled highways he should be barred altogether and gently led to a peaceful pasture.

And if you think this would be an act inimical to man's noble friend—just ask the horse himself.

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The color had gone out of her cheeks again, leaving them now very empty

Long Distance

A Short Short Story by COREY FORD

Illustrated by JEFF TESTER

THE telephone rings. On the window sill beside the telephone is a single geranium in a cracked pot. The smudged pane looks out upon a yellow brick wall. The walls of the room are sea-green, and are streaked with dampness; the floor is bare. A wicker basket of clean laundry rests on the ironing board; on the stove is a large boiler filled with clothes. The kitchen clock clicks emptily.

The telephone rings again.

A child wakes in the crib beneath the window and whimpers. The sink is piled with breakfast dishes. The kitchen table has been cleared. A pen leans at a crazy angle from the top of an open ink bottle, and on the top line of a tablet of ruled paper has been written: "*New York, N. Y., December 25th . . .*"

The telephone rings again.

The door flings open, and a large woman, the base of her neck beaded with perspiration, shambles across the room, wiping her hands on her apron. She lifts the receiver.

". . . Yeah? No, she ain't here. No. Whosiss? What? . . . I can't hear. . . . Oh! Well, wait a minute then, maybe I can find her. I think she went up on the roof to hang out some . . . What? I said, wait a minute, I'll call her."

The woman sets down the receiver, shuffles to the door, turns her face upward, and shouts through the criss-cross of stairs and banisters: "Missus *Ran*-dall! Missus Randall! Oh, Missus *Ran-dall!* . . . Is Mrs. Randall up there, Mrs. Elder? Tell her there's a long-distance telephone, and to hurry."

She recrosses the room, pauses to remark into the telephone: "She's comin'," and then bends down and peers into the crib.

"Cudgie, cudgie, cudgie . . . poor little kid. . . ." She sniffs the air suddenly. "Say, you tell your ma"—stepping briskly to the stove—"if she don't watch this stew, you two won't *have* no Christmas dinner." She sets the pot back on the stove, and ambles slowly toward the door. There is a loud descending clatter on the stairs.

"Hurry up, Mrs. Randall . . . long distance. Maybe it's news about—"

MRS. RANDALL hurries past her breathlessly toward the telephone. She is very young and very thin, and her gingham dress is not very new. For the moment a spot of bright color is spreading slowly over each cheek, like a drop of red paint in water, and her dark eyes are black with excitement. She makes a foolish dab to straighten her wind-blown hair, and grabs the receiver.

"Hello. Thanks, Mrs. Mullaney. . . . Hello. Hello. Hello." She clicks the receiver. "He . . . yes, hello, yes, this is she. Yes, this is Mrs. Joseph Randall speaking. . . . What? From where? . . . Toledo? Oh, my God."

She has just time to brace herself against the window sill.

"Hello. Hello. Hellooo-*oo-ooo, Ma!* Well, Ma . . ."

The color has gone out of her cheeks again, leaving them now very empty. She grasps the telephone until her knuckles show white.

". . . And the same to you, Ma, an' many of them. Gee, though, but think of you calling up all the way from Toledo to just say Merry Christmas. Gee, isn't it awful expensive? . . . Is *that* all? Oh, yeh, but how much for each additional minute? Yeh; well, there you are, you see, there's where they get you. . . . What? Oh, we're—we're fine. Wait a minute till I shut this door, Ma; there's a lot of noise. . . ."

She turns and faces Mrs. Mullaney, still lingering curiously on the threshold. Mrs. Mullaney recollects herself guiltily, then gathers in her chins with wounded dignity, and slams the door behind her like a lady.

"There. . . . Oh, everybody's fine, I said. Yeh, an' the kid too; honest, Ma, you ought to see the kid. Honest, he's the *image* of his father! Six weeks. Say, he's the cutest—what? Oh, Jo's—Jo just stepped out a minute, Ma. He just went down to the corner to buy me some"—her eye falls on the geranium—"some flowers. Jo's always getting me flowers and things. You ought to see the *mar*velous fur coat he gave me for Christmas, and a new silk dress—I got it on now. He's always giving me jewelry and everything; I tell him he'll spoil me sure. . . . Ha. . . .

"Well, an' it's great to hear *your* voice too, Ma. It wouldn't seem like Christmas without . . . Let's see, it's been just a—a year, hasn't it? Just a year to the day. . . . Say, Ma—not that I care, but—how does Pa feel about me, now? . . . He still does, eh? All right. . . . No, that's all right; I don't blame him . . . in a way. He always *was* like that. Yeh, well, you tell him how *happy* I am, see, Ma, an' what a nice apartment we got, an' how good Jo is to me an' the—the kid . . . an' . . .

"Yeh, we're still at the same address; we like it so here we don't want to move. You and Pa ought to see this apartment, Ma, honestly, you wouldn't *believe* it. Eight rooms, and elevators, and my boudoir is all in pink and white—like I always wanted, remember? How I always wanted a sunken bathtub, like the movies, and some old armor and an electric ice box? Well, tell Pa I got all that, an' more, and of course we got two servants, because Jo won't *hear* my doing any housework. . . . Yeh, at Clancey Street. That's just off Fifth Avenue. . . .

"Yeh. Yeh, I know. Sure, I know. Do you have the tree this year as usual? Fine. . . . And, say, I bet you're having the regulation old Christmas feed, huh, like we used to have? . . . Turkey and all, huh? . . . I wish I could smell over the telephone, ha, ha. . . . Oh, yes, Jo and I are going to have ours right here quietly at home. Jo wanted me to go out to some swell restaurant or other, but I said, 'Oh, no, Jo,' I said, 'Christmas is one day when everybody ought to—to stay home an' . . .

"Nothing, Ma. I just coughed.

"Gee, we must have talked way over our three minutes? . . . Yeh, it only comes but once a year, doesn't it? . . .

"Wait a minute, Ma, before you hang up. I want you to say 'Hello' to little Joey . . . wait till I hold him up. . . .

"Here, Joey, that's your grandma. . . . Hello, Grandma. . . .

"Isn't he sweet, Ma? . . . Well, it was just great to hear from you. . . . No, I—I don't think I'll be seeing you for—for quite a while. . . . No. . . . Well, Ma, yes, I will . . . yeh. . . . Ma . . . yeh, and a—happy New Year. . . . Good-by—"

She stares at the mouthpiece of the telephone for several minutes after she has hung up the receiver. She sets it down at last and walks dully toward the kitchen table. She sinks down on a wooden chair and stares at the tablet of ruled paper. Her hand reaches out slowly toward the pen.

New York, N. Y., December 25th.
Dear Jo:

If this note ever reaches you, this is only to say I and Joey are both well; we both forgive you. If you want to ever come back, we are still at the same address and join in wishing you a—

She stops writing and stares at the paper again.

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SAY MER

with F

SAY Merry Christmas with Flowers! Choose your gifts unhurriedly—either in your own home by telephone, or in the quiet of your favorite flower shop. And when you have brought your shopping to a close, enjoy the comforting assurance that your gifts of flowers will convey a sincere wish for Christmas joy. For flowers are treasured alike by those hard-to-please and by those to whom the simplest gift is a precious thing. Flowers are unchanged by Fashion's whims . . . . and they reflect the true spirit of the season. Say "Merry Christmas" with Flowers!

Say it with Flowers
Society of American Florists

The Sign of a Good Florist

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RY CHRISTMAS

owers

The Valley Girl

By
ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Illustrated by
HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

The Story Thus Far:

GAVIN COLE leaves his little cabin in the woods of the Reginskill Valley in New Jersey and starts out on his day's work. He realizes that he has left his trunk unlocked. Going back to lock it he finds an escaped convict in his cabin.

The convict attacks him, and his life is saved by Heather, Faith Christie's collie dog. Gavin lets the convict go and after thanking Faith he tells her about his work. Under Wilgus Bett Gavin is drawing up secret plans for a land development project for the valley to save it from being condemned and used for water power. Gavin's own family home in the Catskills had been demolished to make way for water power and he feels very strongly on the subject.

Faith then tells him that she and her brother, Jeff, are also planning a land project which makes them business enemies of Gavin's, much to Faith's regret. Gavin wonders if they couldn't work together.

Faith also tells him that she has met Wilgus Bett and doesn't trust him.

After Faith leaves, Gavin sees the underbrush moving in the woods as if someone were coming through. His only thought is that it must be the convict returning instead of making good his chance for freedom. Somewhat alarmed at the thought Gavin stands gazing at the moving leaves.

FOR only an instant Gavin stood at gaze. Then a wholesome gust of anger swept him. He had fought this man. He had been saved from him, right humiliatingly, by a girl and a dog. He had given the fellow his freedom when he might have haled him to prison.

And now the thief was coming back to try conclusions with him again.

Very good. The intruder should not have to come the whole way. Of all the many wise and unwise rules for street fighting, the best is:

"Carry the fight to your opponent. Hit first and keep on hitting."

Wherefore, instead of awaiting his foe, Gavin Cole strode truculently toward the curtain of high undergrowth through which the tossing swath of leaves marked the other's approach. He would not wait out here in the open, but would charge the forest adversary who was stalking him.

Across the bit of dooryard clearing Cole ran, gathering himself for a dive into the wall of leafage.

At the green verge he stopped with an abruptness that all but sent him toppling. The bushes had parted directly in front of him. A man stood there, smiling amusedly down at the bellicose engineer.

"Hello!" hailed the newcomer, with breezy good nature. "Is that the way you welcome your guests? You look as if you were aching to pitch into me. What's all the ferocity for?"

Wilgus Bett loomed gigantic against the verdant background. The warmth of the morning and the strenuous way through mountain undergrowth had brought perspiration to his wide white forehead, but had in no detail marred the faultless grooming that was his. The smile he turned on the dumfounded Gavin was boyishly infectious.

"I had to run up to High Point last night to see Stanton," he went on, "so I thought I'd stroll across country—I mean across mountains—and look in on you before I go back to civilization. It was only eleven miles, but, Lord, what going! I must be getting old. It took me the best part of three hours."

He laughed, shaking his mighty frame as if to reassure its flawless muscles that age was not really stiffening them.

"I was afraid you might have started out for the day," he went on. "But—why, boy, what have you been doing to the side of your head? Yellow jacket sting you?"

"Yes," replied Cole. "Just that. I had a visitor. A yellow jacket, but with faded stripes. He detained me. I sent him off up the mountain. I saw someone coming back, and I thought he was looking for another breather."

In a handful of words he told of his encounter. The big man nodded approval.

"Good stuff!" he commented. "The faithful hound and the heroine and all. Everything complete. Up to date too. In the old times it used to be the gallant young hero who rescued the damsel in distress. But that's just one of the million things that are upside down nowadays. But"—with sharp abating of his breeziness—"you say you found him rummaging your trunk. I hope that isn't where you keep your blue prints and your reports and all that sort of thing."

"Certainly it is, Mr. Bett," answered Cole, thrown on the defensive by his employer's tone and feeling ridiculously like a chidden schoolboy. "Where else would I keep them? They're as safe as they'd be in a church. They—"

"Church poorboxes have been robbed before now," said Bett. "In fact, it's quite a popular indoor sport, I'm told, with penny crooks who are short on pluck and imagination. As to the trunk being 'safe,' I notice you say this jailbird had it open and was going through it."

"I TOLD you I left it unlocked this morning and that I was on my way back to lock it," returned Cole. "Not once in twenty thousand times would any thief bother to come here. I'm supposed to be a crack-brained and half-sick artist. The mountaineers look on me as a freak. They don't think I have anything worth looting. Even if one of them should smash open my trunk, the blue prints and the other things wouldn't mean anything to him. It—"

"No?" Bett caught him up. "Maybe not. But the mountaineers aren't the only people in the world. They aren't the only people in this valley who would be plenty much interested to go over the work you've been doing. That's what I came here to talk about this morning. One of the things."

"What do you mean?"

"First of all—say, boy, I don't mean to rile you, and I know you're all to the good, but this is too important to handle with gloves.

"First of all, have you said a word to anybody—to *any*body—about this work of yours? I'll tell you why I'm asking, I—"

"Yes," said Cole, evenly, "I have."

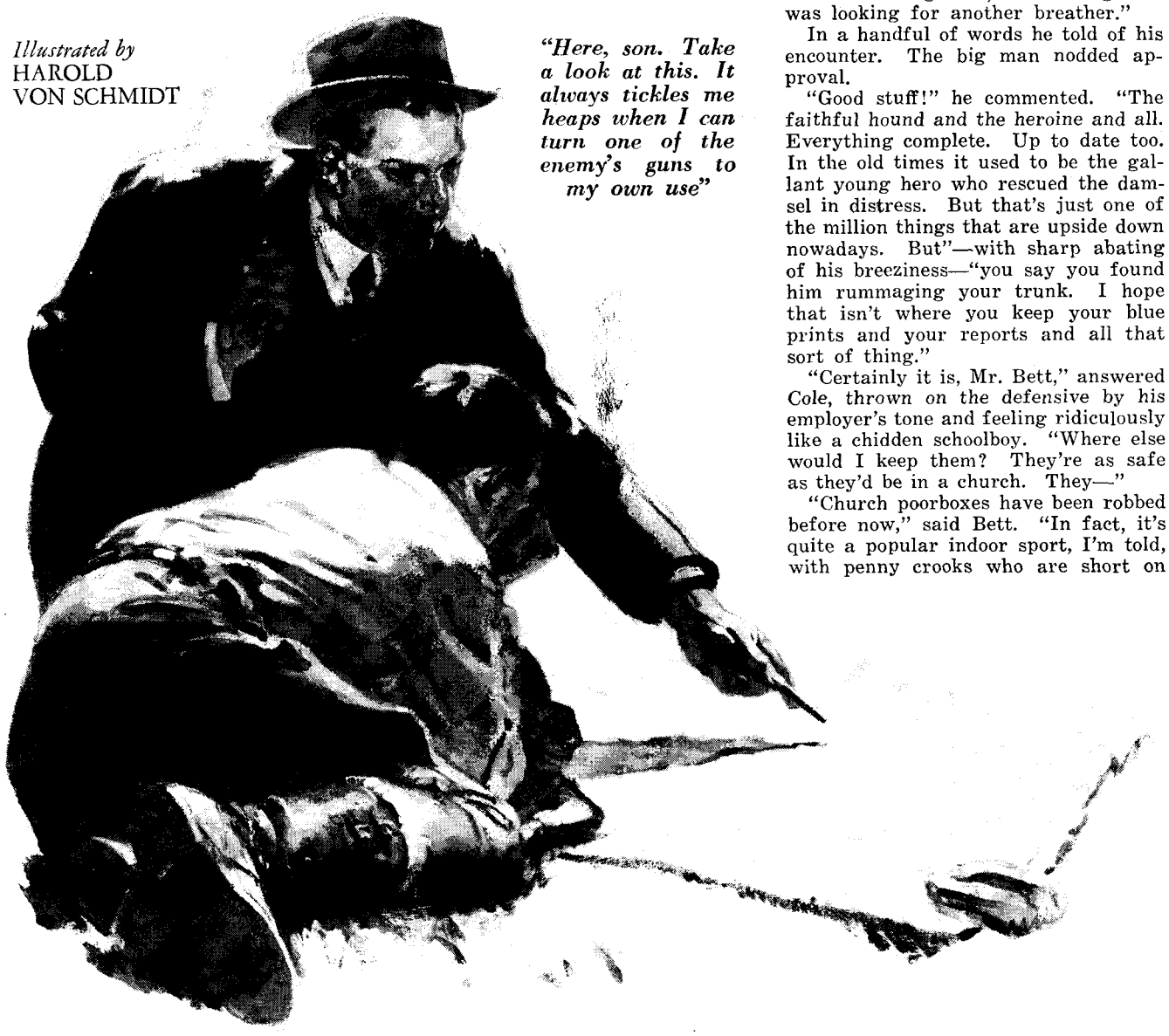
Wilgus Bett whirled about on him with a speed that seemed impossible in so big a man. His blond face was distorted and fire-red.

"What?" he roared.

"Half an hour ago," proceeded Gavin, far more at ease under this bombardment than he had been under Bett's cooler manner. "I told Miss Christie."

"You—you told the Christie girl?"

"I said I told Miss Christie," answered Cole, unruffled. "Not 'the Chris-



"Here, son. Take a look at this. It always tickles me heaps when I can turn one of the enemy's guns to my own use"

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Gavin sees that it has to be war, and an uncommonly nasty war at that. His mingled feelings of trust and distrust and awakening love torment him

Jeff Christie's lean face was set hard. "Please go into the house," he said. "I have something to say to Cole"

tie girl.' I told her this morning that we—"

"Told *her!*" groaned Bett, in comic misery. "Out of a hundred—and—twelve million people in this occasionally free country, you had to pick out one of the only two who oughtn't to be told. She is one. Jeff Christie is the other. By this time they both know!"

"If they do," argued Cole, "what harm is done? They—"

"What harm *isn't* done?"

"No harm is done. You told me to say nothing until all the surveys were made and all the key sites picked out and a start made on the option. That is all done. You said as soon as the option hunt began everyone would know anyhow. The option hunt is on. And I wrote you of the options I've already got when I asked you to send out the blanks to me. What harm is done? If one person in the Reginskill or in Preakness County knew it, it was bound to get to the Christies in a day or two at the most. I haven't blabbed. I kept my mouth shut till the time when you said there wouldn't be any more need for secrecy."

A little to his surprise, the giant had lost the red fury of aspect, and the huge muscles tensed themselves no longer. The flurry of Jovelike rage had ebbed. Once more Wilgus Bett was his breezily suave self.

"I'm sorry I got mad, boy," said Bett soothingly. "I have a lot to bother me. And this was something I happen to be especially sore about just now. You say you never spoke of it to the—to Faith Christie—till today? You're sure?"

"I don't say I've done things without being sure," replied Cole stiffly. "I haven't mentioned it to her or anyone else till now. She told me she and her brother—"

"There has been a leak," explained Bett. "A big one. I found out about it two days ago, but I couldn't locate it. Naturally it never occurred to me to suspect you had been talking. You'd have been the last man on earth I'd have thought would betray me. That's why it jarred me so, just now, when you owned up. But since you didn't tell her or anyone about it till just today, then the leak must come from someone else. I don't know who. But I sure aim to find out. I pay well. And I pay for close mouths."

He was silent for a moment, his steel-blue eyes broodingly on the valley below, his shapely boot toe scuffing the dooryard earth.

"No," he said at last, "you didn't make any break by telling. You're right in saying I told you there wouldn't be any need for quiet after the option hunt was on. But someone knew about it long enough to start bidding against us for a lot of things. That means bigger prices to pay and a peck of annoyance all around. The story got out, it seems, weeks ago, from all I can hear."

HIS frown broke up into a wondrously infectious grin.

"Leak and counterleak!" he philosophized. "They have got to some of our crowd. But I've got deeper into some of theirs. I paid well for it, but it was worth the price. Christie hasn't a Chinaman's chance, now that I know my game. He—"

"That's what his sister and I were talking about this morning," interposed Gavin. "She told me his scheme. It looked to me like a good one."

"A good one!" echoed Bett. "*You* say that? You of all people! This hermit life must have given you change of heart."

"No," denied Cole. "I mean it. This land-development idea of his, and his plan to open the valley wide to commerce and to homes—they're good. And they're good for us too. Your syndicate can't possibly buy up the whole eight-by-twelve-mile Reginskill Valley. All you can do is to get hold of the best sites and develop them. There's enough land for both you and the Christies to operate. His chain of lakes and the new railroad will mean as much for you people as it will for him. Isn't there some way of your getting together and working the whole thing in partnership? There's more than enough for both syndicates to handle, if they work together. It's better than clashing over every—"

"Boy!" broke in Wilgus Bett, in blank-faced astonishment. "What in blue and saffron blazes are you blithering about? Add up your thoughts, can't you, and put it plain? What crazy rot are you talking? Suppose you go back to the beginning and tell me just what it was she said her brother is aiming to do."

Concisely Gavin repeated Faith Christie's outline of the plan for the valley's development and occupation. Bett heard him through, that blankly incredulous stare still keeping his keen face foolish. Then, with a shout of Homeric laughter, the giant slapped his engineer on the back.

"You poor Babe in the Wood!" he guffawed. "It's lucky no gold-brick man found you here in the wilderness. He'd have cleaned you out. You'd be a fortune to any oil-well seller." He broke into new spasms of mirth.

"I don't get you," said Cole, highly offended. "Perhaps when you're quite through doing your matchless imitation of the Laughing hyena you'll let me in on the joke. I could stand having a good laugh just now. If—"

"Cool down, boy," adjured Bett, strangling back his own merriment at sight of his employee's irritation. "I'll make it plain to you in words of one syllable if you'll be patient. Then you'll see, maybe, why it hit me as funny."

"Let's hope so, anyway," said Gavin icily. "Suppose you begin."

"Then I'll begin with the counterleak I said I had started in the Christie outfit," assented Bett. "The burden of the leak was this: The Seaboard City Water Company is paying Jeff Christie more money than ever Jeff saw or heard of before in his life. They're paying him to work quietly here in his own bailiwick, to buy up every important site he can lay hands on along the Reginskill. Likewise he's earning his money."

"To buy up—"

"The Seaboard City people have had their eye on this grand watershed for three years," continued Bett. "They couldn't get a look-in. Christie combined a bunch of the old-timers against them and snowed them under with injunctions and suchlike hurdles. The Seaboard crowd couldn't buy the valley. So, very sensibly, they bought Christie."

"No! He—"

"The natives trust Jeff, you know," proceeded Bett, not heeding the interruption. "So when he gives it out that he is getting options on land for lake sites and for railroad right of way and for commuter towns and all that, why, they swallow it whole. They're crazy to make their valley boom. So they are ready to give their dear fellow citizen options on everything and anything. He's grabbing up these options with both hands. Only—he's grabbing them for the Seaboard City Water Company, not for the dinky Utopia he is gabbling about and that he has sicked his sister on to confiding to you. He's heard of our scheme, through the leak I told you about. So he sends her up there to feed you a yarn that'll throw you off the track. They've played you for a sucker all right, boy. Now do you wonder it hit me as being funny? To think of you listening with your mouth open to—"

GAVIN COLE walked abruptly away. To the edge of the clearing he walked. There he stared with unseeing eyes down into the Reginskill Valley. His heart was sick within him. He yearned to yell "You lie!" at this suavely amused giant and to smash his fist into Bett's mirthful face.

Yet underneath his impotent fury and self-contempt lurked the miserable certainty that Wilgus Bett had told him the truth. Men of the financier's shrewd type do not pay large sums to learn mere lies or rumors from the enemy's camp. If Bett had paid for this information, then undoubtedly he had verified every word of it.

Into Cole's sick memory came a tanned little face with level brown eyes alight with almost fanatical enthusiasm. This girl was no liar, no clever actress, to fool him with an elaborate tale which held no truth. Logic or no logic, he could swear to himself she was clean and white.

He did not know how he knew she was so. But know it he did, beyond all mental quibble.

Mastering himself, he turned back toward his employer.

Bett had moved across the clearing and stood close behind him. The laughter was gone from the giant's face and voice. Gently, almost caressingly, he spoke.

"Boy," he said, "I owe you a big apology. I've been thinking it over. I owe an apology to Faith Christie too. I don't know her very well. But I do know human nature a bit. She isn't the cheap kind to come up here with a flossy lie just to boost her brother's game and to make a fool of you. It's thirty to nothing that Jeff made her believe the yarn she sprung on you. Come to think of it, the only times I ever met her she was all het up with enthusiasm about this wonderful valley of hers. She wouldn't be likely to cheer herself hoarse over any trick to drown it out. No. Jeff has conned her into thinking his water deal is a gigantic land boost. It's so dead easy to make a woman believe anything—so long as

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the thing doesn't happen to be true! Buck up, boy! Quit grouching. Nobody's blaming *you*."

Nettled at his own glumness and once more feeling oddly babyish and crude in the presence of the big man, Gavin shrugged his shoulders and essayed a grin. The effort was more conscientious than brilliant.

"Buck up!" exhorted the giant once more. "If Christie can fool the whole region, including his own clever sister, you needn't be ashamed of his story's fooling *you*. The main thing is that you know them in time. It's going to make our own work a lot stiffer. But I'll win out. It's a way I've got. Keep remembering that."

"I'm sorry I acted like a silly kid," said Cole. "But I suppose I'm not quite normal on this subject. And it made me sick, just for a minute, to think of Jeff Christie selling the soul of his birthplace for what he can squeeze out of the water crowd. He seemed to be a mighty decent chap. Well, if it means harder work, it means work that I can put both my shoulders into."

"That's the talk!" applauded Wilgus Bett, smiting him once more between the shoulders in agonizingly hail-fellow fashion. "Get your teeth into it. We're going to win out, I tell you. And we'll block one more of God's green valleys from the Water Devil. How's that for high-grade rhetoric? . . . Get me your big map, will you?"

INFECTED by his overlord's magnetic optimism and with his own brief disillusionment turned to hot fighting spirit, Gavin Cole went to the cabin and brought forth a much-folded linen chart he had sketched of the region.

Bett spread it on the ground, pegging its corners with stones. Then on hands and knees he bent over it, his strong forefinger tracing imaginary routes thereon. Once or twice Bett upreared his vast bulk to enable him to peer out over the valley at his feet.

At last he nodded his head in self-approval and called to the puzzled Cole:

"Here, son. Take a look at this. I got an idea from that thing Faith Christie told you—the lie her brother sprung on her about what he was going to do with the valley. It always tickles me a heap when I can turn one of the enemy's guns to my own use. Here's where I can do it."

With a pencil stub he was drawing quick and sure lines on the carefully executed linen map.

"Remember what she said about that chain of lakes her brother was planning?" he explained. "Well, that's not a bad idea. It's a corking idea if it won't cost too much. And it won't. There's a big lure to campers and bungaloafers and picnickers and country-housers in a pretty lake. They take to water like a duck or a hydropath. You can sell them land near a lake or a river for three times what they'll pay for better land that's anywhere else. The valley has a first-rate river splitting it. But how about a lake? Not a string of measly sample-size lakelets, but a he-lake a mile or so wide and a couple of miles long? Right here?"

He indicated the lines he had sketched.

"See," said he, "run a thirty-foot dam across here—not more than four hundred feet wide either, at the most—and you back up the stream into a lake that will run back for nearly two miles. A mile wide too at the broadest—that is, if your gradients on this map are right. The land slopes down to it, just right, from behind. Those two knolls will make picturesque islands in it too. We can sell each of them piecemeal or else to one buyer. There's a big real-estate lure to islands. I don't know why. But people feel important in owning one."

Gavin Cole was studying the sketch. Instantly he saw the value of Bett's suggestion, and he gave tribute to the swift thinking that had evolved it.

"Good!" he exclaimed in eager enthusiasm. "And, look, more than half of the area is covered by our options. That includes the site for the dam too."

"Yes," observed Bett dryly. "So I noticed. Isn't it lucky I told you to start getting your options at the lower end of the Reginskill instead of the upper? It was a hunch of mine, I suppose, and—"

"H'm!" muttered Gavin, busily conning the map. "Kills another bird with the same stone too! Look there. If our dam was to be about five times as high as the thirty feet you're planning, do you see what it would do? It would flood pretty near the whole valley, for about ten miles back. That's what the water crowd must have had its eye on. That's the one ideal key site for them. If they could get hold of it, their battle would be three quarters won. If they could build their dam there and get enough options to justify them in starting their condemnation game—"

"Yes," again said Bett, "queerly enough, I thought of that too. That's why I had you begin your option hunt down there. By the way, speaking of options—"

He drew from his capacious inner coat pocket a thick sheaf of printed forms.

"HERE you are," he said. "They came from the printer's yesterday, just as I was starting for High Point. That's why I brought them along instead of mailing them. Better start in right away to fill some in and change them from the scribbled options already got. There's a mysterious kick in a printed form that a written agreement lacks. It will impress these back-country men more to have it in print. I'll get things started right away on that lake idea. How'd you like us to call it Lake Gavin? No, that'd be a punk name as a seller. We'll call it something like Paradise Mirror or Worldcrest Mere. When Shakespeare said there isn't anything in a name he just proved how little he knew about selling suburban real estate.

"Good-by, boy. You'll get full directions about going ahead on our lake by tomorrow or next day. Just throw yourself, till then, into getting any options you can, at any sort of a sane price, for flowage rights on the rest of the ground we'll need for it. The day we get enough of them I'll start a gang to work on the dam's core wall. Good-by. And—I don't need to tell you Jeff Christie will be making war medicine for us from now on. Stay awake."

THE big man was gone, seeming to take with him much of the morning's breeziness and ozone. But behind him he left, as ever, a feeling of buoyancy in his employee, a sense of eager loyalty and of ability to work miracles under the leadership of such a general.

Then, as Gavin Cole stood studying the map, with its penciled additions, before folding it and returning it to the trunk, he was aware of a sudden lessening of his enthusiasm in his chief's new move and even in that magnetic chief himself.

Illogically, between him and the penciled lake, he saw a willfully determined little bronzed face. Through the mountain silences he could have sworn he heard a young voice, with a thread of stark urgency in it, insisting to him, over again:

"Too good to be true, he's always seemed to me. I didn't like him, that's all. I don't believe in him."

Scoffing at Faith's distrust of his financial idol, Cole strove to put the memory of her words and face out of his mind. They would not be expelled. For perhaps ten minutes Gavin stood there scowling at the map. Then his eyes turned to the valley mouth, where the dam was to be built for the ornamental lake.

Of a sudden he swore, softly, fluently. His mind was made up. With the air of a man who acts consciously against his saner judgment, he laid aside his knapsack and sketch pad, slipped into cleaner raiment, and set forth a second time from his shack.

But this time he did not head for the mountains and the upper valley. Instead he strode down the steep trail toward the byroad which led to the busy little back-country town of Regin.

Once only did he stop on his townward hike. That was to take an envelope from his pocket and scrawl a handful of words on its back. He read over what he had written, cut out three or four words, changed two others, and resumed his way to Regin. He walked fast, as though to reach his destination before his mind could change as to his purpose there.

Yet he was not to get to his chosen goal without an adventure which at the time seemed petty enough.

As he was passing the Regin post office, on his way to the two-story business block beyond, a dog bounded from the post-office steps and came frisking up to him. It was Faith Christie's collie, Heather.

As Cole stooped to pat the dog Faith herself came out of the little hardware shop which occupied half the single-story post-office building. In her hand dangled an old and stained and broken collie collar.

"Don't make friends with him, Mr. Cole," she adjured. "He's in disgrace. He's just been scolded. He knows he's been bad. That's why he is so effusive with you. He's glad to find somebody who doesn't know yet how naughty he has been. Yes, I'm talking about *you*, Heather," she ended as the collie looked up at her with whimsical ruefulness.

"Has he eaten the mayor's cat," asked Cole, "or only given someone hydrophobia?"

"The first guess was nearer right," she told him. "We were passing here on our way home from Woolet, and he saw a cat crossing the road. He's been trained never to move away from my side when we're going through a town or along a busy road. More dogs get killed by cars that way than any other. But he saw the cat, and he went for her. He dashed right in front of a motorcycle and he grazed a truck. It was a miracle he didn't get run over."

"Did he get the cat?"

"Of course he didn't. She ran up that tree over there. He was barking so loudly he couldn't hear me call him. And a woman who said the cat belonged to her was threatening to have him shot as incurably vicious. I ran across and caught him by the collar to pull him away from the tree. He was jumping up on the trunk and behaving like a crazy puppy. He happened to jump just as I caught hold of him. The collar is ever so old and decayed, as you can see. It broke.

"So I left him on guard, on the steps here, while I went into the shop to get him another collar," she continued. "But of course they have nothing in stock that's within two inches of being large enough for his absurdly furry neck. So what am I to do?"

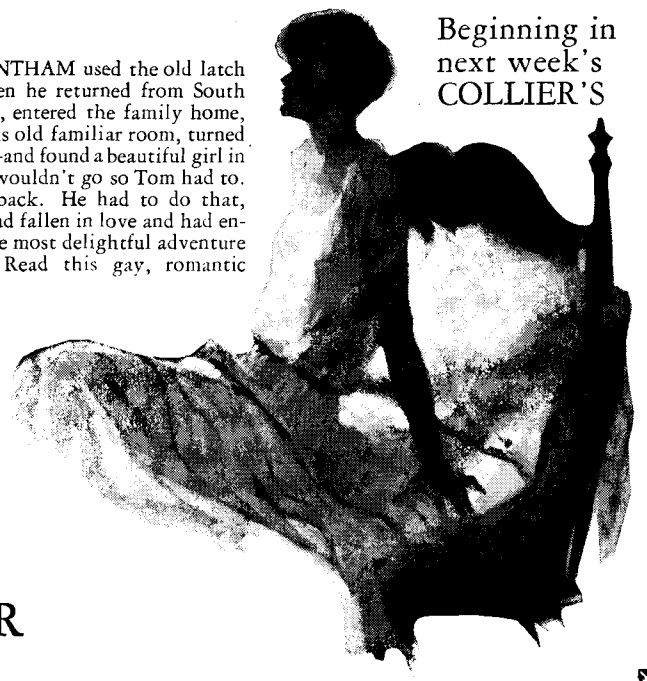
"OUT of several billion alternatives," suggested Cole, "why don't you let him go as he is till you get him home? There's no law, is there, against dogs appearing on the one street of Regin insufficiently clad? Or is there?"

"That's precisely what there is," she declared. "That's what's worrying me. Regin is in the middle of one of its periodical stray-dog reforms. There's a fine of $10 for every dog found at large in Regin Township without a collar and license tag. Don't you see, I'll have to parade him up the street, past the traffic policeman and past the office of the justice of peace, brandishing his collar and license tag and trusting the majesty of the law will accept that as a substitute for obeying the ordinance. If the policeman happens to be feeling unusually judicial, he may give me a summons. He's that kind of a policeman. He always follows the rule that it's better to give than to receive. His summonses are dispensed with a real Monte Cristo wastefulness. He—"

"Hold on," interposed Gavin, "I think we can find a way to foil the summons fancier. How about this?"

He took out (*Continued on page 32*)

Welcome Home



TOM BENTHAM used the old latch key when he returned from South America, entered the family home, went up to his old familiar room, turned on the light—and found a beautiful girl in his bed. She wouldn't go so Tom had to. But he came back. He had to do that, too, for he had fallen in love and had entered upon the most delightful adventure of his life. Read this gay, romantic comedy

Beginning in next week's COLLIER'S

By ALICE DUER MILLER

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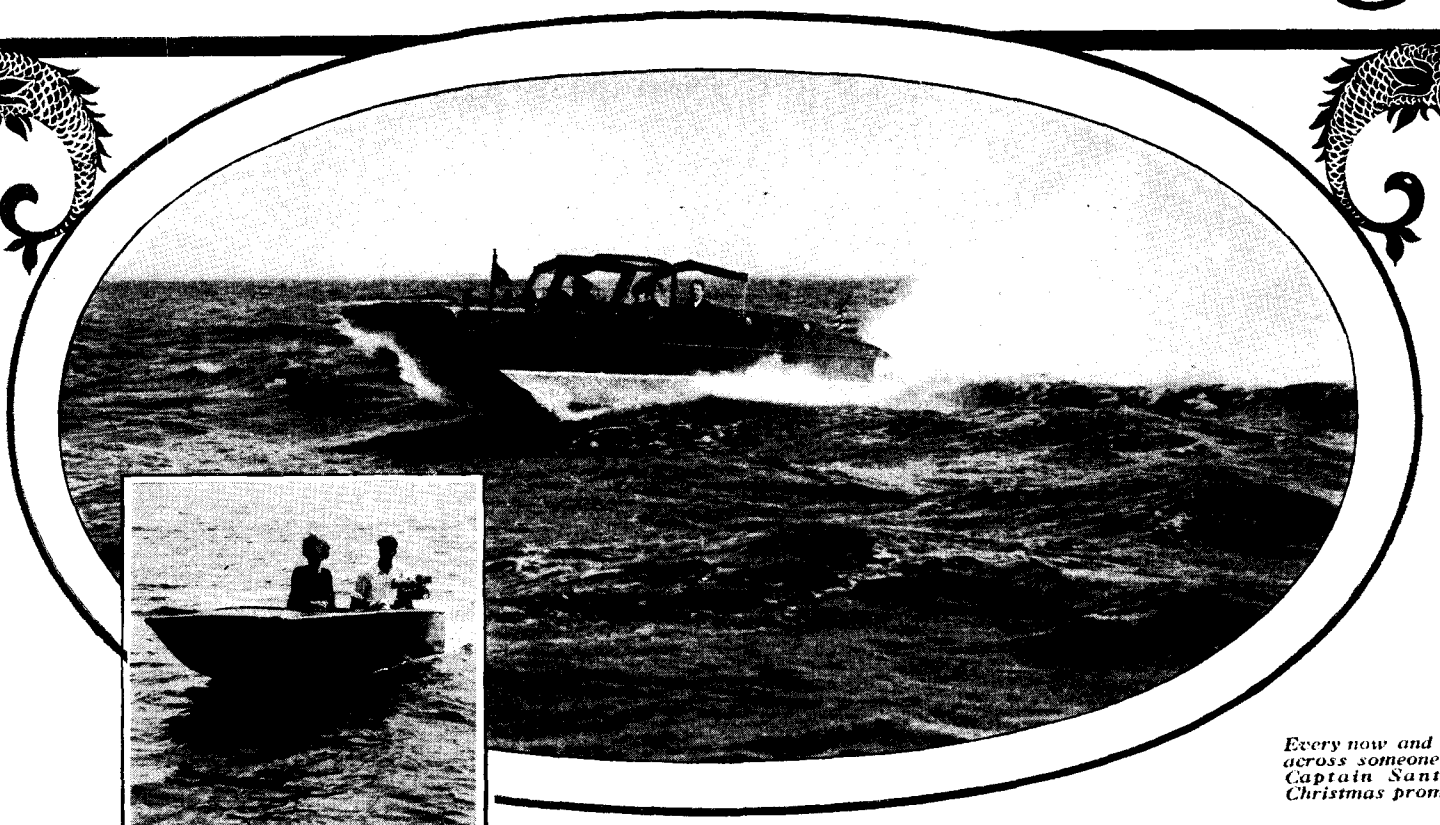
Out where *the Wet Begins*



Every now and then you will run across someone who would thank Captain Santa Claus for a Christmas promise of a Sea Sled.

OUT on the horizon's edge, where hard wind-driven water soaks the man at the wheel and makes half-throttle going compulsory, you'll find the Sea Sleds at their gayest—fast, dry and safe—they will turn up a speed possible in no other craft of their size.

When you see that tall white plume marching down the broken blue water, get out your glasses. That's a Sea Sled and her people are having fun.

First in, in the Spring, last out in the Fall, the larger Sea Sleds have lengthened the yachting season a month on each end. They are practically non-capsizable, they can run down the trough of a heavy sea, and they do not ship green water. They are the *ablest* things afloat, and short of a gale of wind, any summer's day is your day to play on the water if you own a Sea Sled.

The smallest and youngest member of the Sea Sled family is the little Model 13, and the marvel of it is that all the Sea Sled good qualities have been inherited to a superlative degree. Here is a little outboard motor craft only 13 feet by 46 inches over all. A solid mahogany hull, with double-planked, bronze-bound bottom. As near indestructible as so small a thing may be, and yet, in spite of the fact that she is an open boat, bone dry, and practically non-capsizable and non-sinkable. So fast that it puts her right on the edge of the racing class, and so steady that a full grown man can jump from a dock on to her nose or gunwale. For sportsmen, for family use or for youngsters, there is nothing to touch her for speed, reliability and practical economy.

For Winter Vacationists

Families spending the winter in the South or West will find that on the water, the larger Sea Sleds offer all the convenience of a fine car, coupled with the greatest amount of speed which goes with comfort and safety.

The Dealers' Side Of It

A lot of conscience goes into the building of Sea Sleds, and the little Model 13 shows it finely. Every one of these small hulls is built just as well as fifteen years has taught us how to put them together. With their bright mahogany, individual design and obviously sturdy construction, dealers are finding them very attractive, and have been taking them away from us almost faster than we can turn them out. But output is being increased just as fast as can be, without sacrificing principle or quality, and if your locality isn't covered, write for terms.—*List Price $218.00 F. O. B.*

Exclusive features

Dependable as a fine car
Will not roll
Will not stick her nose under
Planes on her own spray
Does not drag aft
Navigates shallow water
Safe and dry at speed in rough water

28-foot—200 H. P. Sedan Top

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23-foot—75 H. P. Sedan Top

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Merry

There's always a delicious juvenile doubt as to which of the tree's colorful trimmings are actually edible—and only one way to find out

Photographs by RUTH ALEXANDER NICHOLS

Just making sure the chimney is large enough to allow of Santa's descent. It really doesn't matter whether he gets up it again

Next to the big thrill of waking up on Christmas morning comes the delight of delivering those gayly-wrapped packages

There seems to have been a recent upset from which the chubby helmsman of the sled hasn't quite recovered yet

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Christmas

A few snapshots from along the Reindeer's Trail

"Le's see what you got?" No use going ahead with opening the box until the other busy recipient of Christmas favor has hauled forth another treasure. That way two persons get a kick out of each gift revealed

Even the rigors of a Christmas Eve snowfall are endurable when there's a chance of catching a glimpse of Santa Claus on his route

Baby wants a Christmas Tree. And he bids fair to get one all over him if the prehensile faculty is working on schedule

Toward sundown on Christmas when things are settling back to normal there's nothing like a quiet corner with the new doll and a book

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The Valley Girl

Continued from page 28

a silk handkerchief, large and white and new, which chanced to be the only form of kerchief he had been able to lay hands on when he dressed so hurriedly for his town trip.

In one corner his initials, "G. C.," were worked vividly in blue. It was a flashy handkerchief at best, one of a half dozen sent him on his recent birthday by an elderly relative whose tastes were garish. The flaring initials had been embroidered by the giver, and they showed more zeal than taste.

Deftly Cole twisted the silk into a long roll. This he tied about Heather's massive throat.

"So!" he announced, standing off to view with pride his work as a collar-maker. "Now let me have the license tag."

"You're not going to spoil that pretty handkerchief by tying it around Heather's neck!" objected Faith. "It's outrageous. It—"

"Possibly it is," he assented. "But it's the only one I have with me. And it's better than a summons. So—"

"You know I didn't mean the handkerchief was outrageous. You know perfectly well I didn't. I meant it's outrageous that you should spoil your silk handkerchief by twisting it that way and—"

"It's all done now," he said. "So if you'll let me have the license tag—"

Ignoring her continued protests, he took the dangling leather collar and detached from it the metal tag. This he knotted into one short loose end of the silk.

"There you are!" said he. "Even the Draconic laws of Regin don't say that a collar must be of any special material. Behold the reclad Heather, resplendent in summons-proof silk! If the cop questions you, tell him the initials G. C. stand for Good Collie."

"It's ever so good of you," she thanked *him*. "I'll send it back to you as soon as it can be washed. Heather has a collar at home, a new one he hasn't even worn."

AS THEY strolled along through Regin and down the dusty byroad beyond it toward the Christie homestead Gavin Cole forgot for the moment the errand which had summoned him down to the town in such haste. He found himself strangely content to walk on with this girl who until a few hours ago had made scant impression on him.

They talked idly; or rather Faith talked while Cole alternately listened and brooded pityingly on the shock which must be hers when she should learn of her brother's betrayal of his valley.

He longed to give her some hint that might soften the suddenness of the inevitable blow. But he could not conjure up any means for doing it.

In his breast warmed a dull rancor against the man who could cause her such unhappiness. As if she half-divined that his thoughts were on Christie, the girl said presently:

"Jeff may be at home by the time we get there. He is due back from New York either this morning or this evening. It has been lonely without him these past three days. I wouldn't let you walk so far out of your way to come home with me, but I know how glad he'll be to see you again. It's long since I've known him to take such a liking to anyone as he seems to have taken to you. You'll stay to lunch too, won't you? After a stretch of bachelor housekeeping, perhaps even a pick-up luncheon may taste good. You'll stay?"

"Indeed, I shall," Cole accepted gratefully. "I know only one way of cooking eggs so that they'll taste like anything, or ham or bacon either, for that matter. And those are the only things I do know how to cook. I've cooked them so often and eaten them so often that I'm growing to abhor them. Some day I'm going to take lessons in a new way of cooking them. But till I do you'll forgive me, won't you, if I angle shamelessly for invitations to meals? I—"

They were turning in at a gateway between two century-old box trees. In front of them, with rolling and shrub-flecked lawn on either side, a hundred feet of cracked brick walk led to a rambling old white wooden house with green shutters and an ancient cupola perched above its boxlike expanse. Phlox and mountain pinks and larkspur and wallflowers rioted in raffish scorn of symmetry in veranda foot beds, between wistaria-twisted pillars. Behind the oak-starred lawn billowed down to the line of gnarled old willows which bordered the river.

Peace and sweetly tranquil age rested on the Christie homestead like a benison—an atmosphere which cannot be acquired by any ancient home in less than a couple of centuries and can be wrecked forever in a single year of splendid "Progress." Once destroyed, it is ended. So-called restoration embellishes it only to the same degree that a smear of rouge vivifies the nose of a corpse.

Wherefore, throughout the land, year by year, Progress annihilates, and Wealth, coupled with taste, seeks to restore. It is an amusing conflict and wholly typical.

As Faith and Cole passed into the grounds, between the sentinel box trees muskily sweet under the early spring sun, Heather pushed unceremoniously past them and tore along the brick walk at a breakneck gallop. Plumed tail waving, he pranced in circles around and around a man who had just come out on the porch.

The dog leaped high upon the man, seeking to lick his face, shattering the quiet air with his ecstatic barks of greeting, rubbing his dusty paws with a thousand lightning-swift pats against the human's dark town-going clothes.

Thus did Heather give characteristic collie welcome to the master he had not seen for some days: a welcome blended of genuine joyous adoration and with a racial sense for the sensationally dramatic.

Jeff Christie patted his dog absent-mindedly, then ordered him to one side and descended the porch steps, walking hastily toward the approaching girl and Gavin. Apparently he had seen them from indoors.

"Oh!" exclaimed Faith at sight of him. "Jeff must have caught the eight-something train. And I wasn't here to meet him or have anything ready for him. He hates not to be met. No wonder he looks so glum. I—hello, old man! I'm so sorry I'm late. I didn't expect you till noon at the very soonest. Honestly, I didn't, Jeff. Have a good time?"

JEFF CHRISTIE'S lean face was set hard. A dull red smirched each bronzed cheek bone. His eyes were surly as they traveled past his sister to the man beside her. Perfunctorily he returned Faith's kiss. Then he said to her, his voice muffled and precise:

"Please go into the house. I have something to say to Cole. Go in, please."

"You'll have plenty of time to talk to him without sending me away like a kindergarten kid. He's staying to lunch and—"

"You're mistaken," said her brother, in the same muffled voice. "He isn't."

"But—"

"Run on, please!" he bade her, harshness beginning to creep through the muffled quality of his tone. "I'll explain about it afterward. Hurry."

She looked from the frankly perplexed Cole to Jeff's lowering visage. Then, with half-laughing meekness, she obeyed. Sensing a scene, she went right reluctantly and full of curiosity. From childhood she had been submissive to the few commands of this elder brother of hers whom she idolized. Yet now she had come nearer to disobeying him than ever before.

Also she was conscious of an oddly maternal and wholly new desire to shield Cole from any possible explosion of Jeff's hard-held temper. The novel emotion perplexed her and baffled any effort of hers to explain it.

Christie said nothing as his sister made her way along the brick path toward the house. His brooding eyes followed her as she went until the front doors beneath the fanlight closed behind her.

Then slowly he faced Gavin Cole, the brooding eyes narrowing and focusing on the engineer's questioning face.

"Mr. Cole," said Christie, restraining his temper by visible effort, "what I want to say to you can be said very soon and very shortly. I want you to get off my land and keep off my land and drop my acquaintance and the acquaintance of my sister. I'll see to it that she drops yours. That's all. Now go."

The uncompromising words were spoken quietly and without vestige of heat. Yet the somber eyes were a-smolder and the thin lips were working. Gavin Cole went brick-red; his fists clenching. But, like his host, he fought for calm.

"You're mistaken," he answered, steadying his angry voice. "That is not all. You can't order me from your land as if I was a tramp or a stray mongrel without giving me any reason. I came here first on your own invitation. Now you'll tell me what I have done to forfeit the right to come here. Speak up."

"I have come back from New York. It was there I heard about you and what you are really after up here on the Reginskill. If that doesn't tell you why I don't want anything more to do with you than if you were a sick skunk, there's no sense in my wasting words on you. Clear out. And I'll give you this further warning—warning, mind you, not threat—for acquaintanceship's sake: other valley men are going to learn from me why you are up here. They won't all be as easy-going about it as I am. If you value keeping a whole skin—and perhaps keeping a life inside it—you'll leave this region and leave it without too much delay. But that's your affair and not mine. All I want you to do is to keep away from me and mine. That same order goes for Wilgus Bett, the blackguard you're jackaling for. Now get out and get out quickly."

"I am not jackaling for any man," flared Cole. "I am working for Bett's syndicate, and I'm not on a job I'm ashamed of. For that matter, any job would smell sweeter than the Judas work you're doing, Christie. Not that it's any business of mine. Only I know your game, and perhaps that game has taught you to coin jackal into a verb. Only hyena hits me as a better name for a man who's trying to get fat on the corpse of his own home place. I—"

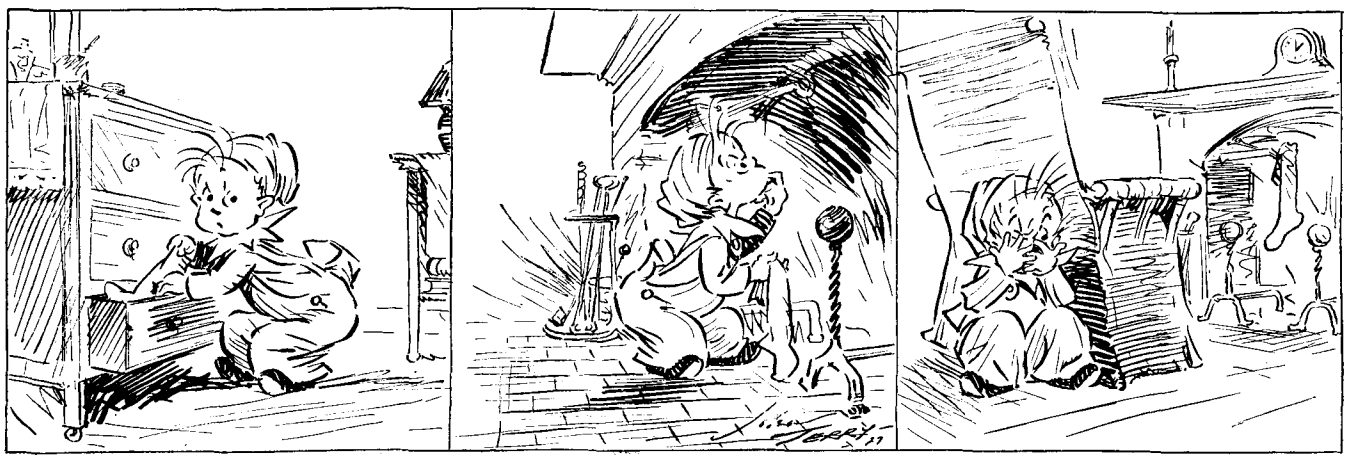
"I don't understand the gibberish you're talking," said Christie, "and I haven't any wish to. But I've told you three times to get off my land. I'm not going to soil my hands with you. But if you don't leave without any further words, my dog will run you off my grounds and all the way back to your own kennel. Heather—"

Gavin Cole threw back his head and laughed in genuine amusement.

"If I wait for Heather to drive me," he scoffed, "I'll stay undriven a long time. He and I are chums. Besides, he saved me from hurt this morning. And that means a lot more to a dog than if I'd saved *him*. Collies are disgustingly human, you know. But I'll go without making your dog disobey you. Remember, it's you who have declared war. It wasn't I. Not that it matters. Because it has got to be war, anyhow, I'm afraid, and an uncommonly nasty war at that. I'm sorry. But the valley is worth it."

HE WAS gone, without so much as looking back at the glowering Christie nor at the puzzled collie standing uncertainly at his master's side, nor even at an unhappy and amazed little face that watched him from the house.

"It's war," he muttered to himself again as he set his face toward the town and his forgotten errand there. "It's war, anyway it turns out. Sherman didn't know anything about war. He lived before water was anything worse than something to drink or wash in." (*To be continued next week*)



BERTIE—

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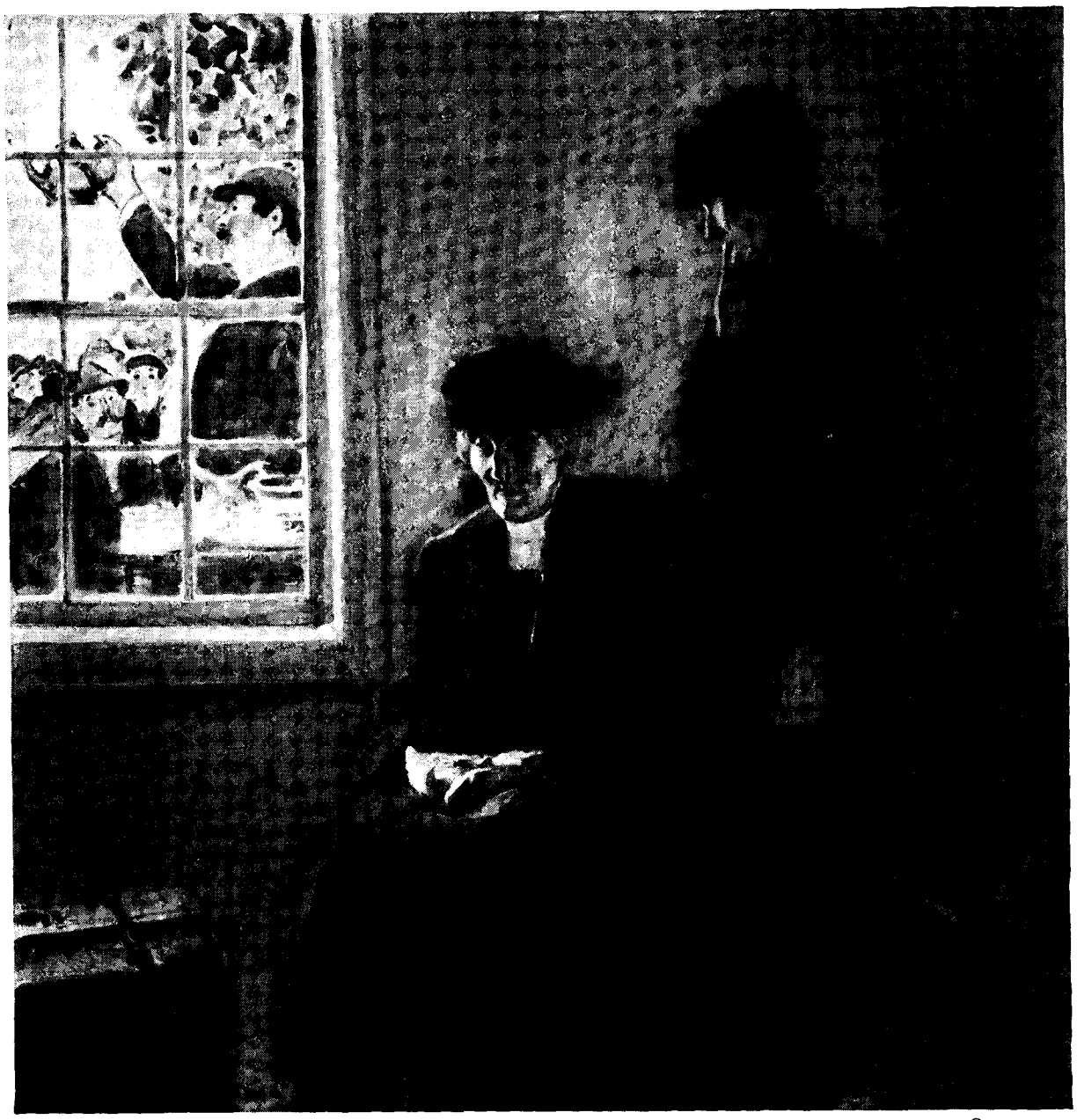
"Lest we forget"



"It has been in this house fifty years. You can't find another piece like it. This, ladies and gentlemen, is genuine! What am I offered for it? These old treasures are going for a song. Give me a bid."

—While the auctioneer rattles on, some of the neighbors think of the old days of entertainment and open hospitality in that house. They wonder how long the proud and lonely mistress has been fighting off the inevitable. Inside, she hears the auctioneer's words—"genuine", "fifty years in this house", "old treasures" —every word a thrust to her heart.

* * *

BABIES and old people are life's widest contrast and life's closest comparison. The younger they are and the older they are the more they need our love and care. For the helpless baby it is a sunny world. There is always someone ready to wait on him, to take care of him. Whether he laughs or whether he cries, the world smiles on him and tries to anticipate his every need.

But it is a gray, cheerless world for the tired, brave old soul who fails to get the care and waiting on and the affection she hungers for. And charity, when clumsily bestowed, stings almost as much as neglect.

A big business man said recently: "I think the saddest sights in the world are the old people whose relatives regard them as burdens—especially when they realize the situation. I think it is fine to build churches and take care of babies and the growing boys and girls, but every dollar I can afford to give away goes to the old people. Sometimes I pay their rent and keep homes together, and sometimes I provide little comforts when their homes are broken up."

While charity takes care of the friendless and helpless, and science is finding out how to prevent physical aches and pains, it remains for "society"—and that means all of us added together—to prevent old age from suffering one of its greatest sorrows—penniless dependence.

The United States and Canada pay bigger wages than other countries. Nearly all their workers earn enough to provide for old age. If they plan ahead, they may have in their years of retirement, not merely bare existence, but real comfort.

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Almost every man and woman must face these five great hazards of life:

***Death*—which may come early, before one's dependents have been provided for.**

***Accident*—always sudden and often causing lessened earning power.**

Sickness—which may cause want as well as suffering.

***Unemployment*—which may bring distress to others in addition to the unemployed.**

***Dependent Old Age*—which must seek charity if self-support is no longer possible.**

"Society", through organized effort, with its millions of mutual life insurance policies, has done what no individual could do alone. It has found a way to meet four of the five hazards.

Annuities for old age, protection in case of death, accident or sickness—almost every financial requirement can now be met by insurance. Only one problem is still unsolved—Employment Insurance—and that will follow. The day must come when every family will plan to meet the great hazards of life so that no member of it will face the need of charity.

Thousands of Metropolitan policyholders have asked how much of the family income should be expended for immediate necessities; how much for clothing; how much for food; how much for fuel; how much should be laid aside for protection. Our booklet, "Let Budget Help," answers these questions. A copy will be mailed free on request.

HALEY FISKE, *President*.

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The Stolen City

Continued from page 8

"I averaged sixteen ounces a week at a profit of about $230 an ounce," says Boyd. "I kept this up for two and a half years, and I cleared $455,956 in that time. Lots of it went for gambling and playing the races." Boyd got the money, but he left a trail of disaster and ruined lives.

His agents sold enough drugs every day to keep 130 drug addicts supplied with full portions. It wasn't Negroes alone who used his wares. It was so easy and so safe to buy Whitner Boyd's deadly commodities that white people sent to the Black Belt where dope was "pure and cheap" and where no extra money was required for secrecy that would protect the customer.

"I was never arrested, nor my peddlers," said Boyd after he had come to the end of his rope.

"When I'd fall behind in my payments the police would stop my men until I came across. That was all. Why, I've bought dope from policemen who told me they had taken it from 'dopes.'"

No less a person than Old Folks himself supports Boyd's story: "Police officers would come to me and say, 'Old Folks, you know what day this is,' meaning that Boyd had not paid them yet. I would get in touch with Boyd, and it wouldn't be long before the policemen would say to me, 'It's all right, Old Folks,' meaning Boyd had paid."

There was plenty of morphine and cocaine in Cincinnati back in 1924 and 1925—enough for hundreds of full-fledged addicts and enough to create several thousand first-time users.

If any group of policemen ever turned rottener than that group in the Fourth District police station in Cincinnati, I haven't heard of it. It was cleaned up, as I have said, but by Uncle Sam's federal government, not by the city government of Cincinnati.

The letters I mentioned were crude ones poorly written, frequently in pencil, clumsily worded. At first they were considered a sort of joke in the office of the United States attorney.

"Why don't you arrest Whitner Boyd? Why don't you arrest Maria Redd? Why don't you arrest Stack-of-Dollars?" was the gist of what the letter writers said. Byron Roberts, once a druggist, was the federal narcotic agent at Cincinnati. He was a worker. He made many arrests of drug peddlers and drug users. He was popular in the Federal Building and in the office of Haveth E. Mau, the federal district attorney.

Cincinnati Won't Clean Up

THEY used to joke him about the letters concerning Stack-of-Dollars, Maria Redd and "Ham" Boyd. "You seem to arrest everybody but them," the office men used to say to him.

That was a joke at first, but after a while it began to stand out as a serious and puzzling fact. Roberts DIDN'T arrest them.

There came a time, at last, when the United States district attorney, whose job it is to prosecute violators of the Harrison narcotic law—one of the government's honest-to-goodness laws—felt that he must protect his office from the charges that the letter writers were sending in. Washington sent him help, from the Criminal Investigation Bureau of the Department of Justice.

These men took the lid off Cincinnati's police sink hole. In Washington you'll find this report, written January 26, 1925, after the Department of Justice's men had uncovered a few facts:

"There has existed, within the last two and a half years, in the city of Cincinnati a conspiracy of no mean proportions whereby the sellers of narcotic drugs were enabled to ply their traffic *openly* and under the very eyes of both federal and city officials. There has been a combination which has collected approximately $25,000 per month from these violators of the law. One large peddler of drugs, as a result of payment of over $18,000 protection money to Byron Roberts and city police officers, had made a profit through this period of over $450,000, and he is but one of many who have paid for this protection."

That was that! Uncle Sam's officials decided to prosecute their fellow official, Byron Roberts. But what about the policemen? They were Cincinnati's officials. The federal men gave Cincinnati a chance to clean up.

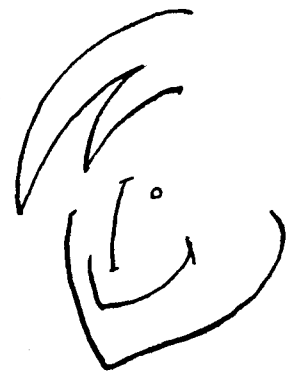
"We've got some pretty bad evidence against some of your policemen," was the message sent to the City Hall.

"Yes, it's bootlegger evidence," was the answer. "We won't take that kind of evidence against our own officers."

The fact of the matter was that the policemen in question had all been appointed by gang politicians and held their jobs through that same power.

So Haveth Mau, United States attorney, working under Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, in the office of the Attorney General in Washington, D. C., started prosecution proceedings

"Will" Rogers, by Geo. Manolaki, 1208 Washington St., Wilmington, Del.



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against forty-eight police officials, Byron Roberts, twenty-three township officials and other state officers. Not all the charges were for taking drug bribes; many were for violating the dry law.

Every policeman who took drug money took booze money too. Within three doors of the Fourth District police station John Lass ran a three-bartender saloon in which he had one man whose sole duty was to operate the cash register. Lass, Liquor King, made more than half a million dollars with booze.

Policemen took as low as $2 a week from prostitutes and $3 or $4 a week from door-to-door race bookmakers.

Not all this was brought out in court. It wasn't needed.

Byron Roberts, fallen from his high federal office and a convict, was brought back from Leavenworth to testify. He wasn't needed. There was a rush of policemen to plead guilty. A few demanded trial. "Guilty," said the juries.

One Monday evening, in April, 1926—three months after the federal government had sent its experts to Cincinnati—one of the strangest sights in the history of all American cities was presented at the railroad station in Cincinnati. A crowd of 5,000 people gathered to see several Pullman cars, loaded with policemen and state officers, start off for Atlanta Penitentiary.

The newspapers of Cincinnati were ashamed. Not one of their able photographers got a picture of that scene at the station. Not a picture was taken of the prisoners either in court or out. Correspondents from other parts of the country were discouraged from sending out elaborate reports.

The city's head was bowed.

But citizens of Cincinnati had more than the plight of their police department to be ashamed of.

If ever a city was owned by someone other than the citizens, it was Cincinnati; no feudal baron ever owned a townful of medieval goofuses more completely than Rudolph Hynicka's gang owned the city government of Ohio's second largest city. Hynicka's gang was in all the chief offices—wedged into power, to stay.

They helped public utility companies to reach the pocketbooks of citizens via car fares, gas meters and other routes. City garbage wasn't properly collected. The street-car company evaded keeping the pavement between its tracks properly paved. Pavements were cheaply laid and were soon filled with holes, which went unrepaired. The taxes of local transportation services were cut down to less than $100,000 a year. Parks were in execrable condition.

At the City Hall officials—supposed to be guardians of the welfare of citizens and of the city's funds—did nothing. And no wonder. Almost every one of them was "Rud" Hynicka's man.

And who was Rud Hynicka? Well, he was a newspaper reporter of Cincinnati, back in the early eighties, when George B. Cox, backed by the saloon element, began to build up a ring in Cincinnati. Cox liked Hynicka. He gave him a job as clerk of the Cincinnati police court; he helped him to the treasurership of Hamilton County.

With that entry into politics Hynicka kept on climbing, always with Cox's approval and aid. When Cox died there were citizens in Cincinnati who hoped that the Cox gang would fall to pieces for lack of a leader. But Hynicka had been trained for Cox's job.

Hynicka really had two jobs: One was to run Cincinnati as a party boss. The other was to run the Columbia burlesque theatre, in New York, and certain other theatres, presenting burlesque, in other cities.

It looked as if it were more difficult to run the theatres than to run Cincinnati, because Hynicka spent most of his time in New York.

Hynicka forced every sane and decent element in Cincinnati to keep its hands off while a group of men spent $6,000,000 of the city's money in starting a large tunnel which was to be a subway for street cars. The hole is still there today, with the money gone and the work not nearly completed.

Rudolph K. Hynicka, who governed Cincinnati so loosely that the federal government had to break up its crooked police ring, is dead now. But it was not his death that set Cincinnati free.

But in the war the young men of Cincinnati got together in the army, and after the war they didn't fall apart.

The young men, mostly veterans, organized the Cincinnatus Association. It was very smart—the Cincinnatus Association. "The better class, socially," was heavily represented. It met frequently to discuss civic problems, but it didn't do much besides. The city council of thirty-one members, hand-picked and bossed in the main by Hynicka, wasn't worried to any extent by the Cincinnatus.

The Revolution Begins

THE city government had decided that it needed more money. It proposed a new tax levy and about $8,000,000 more in bonds. The Cincinnatus met to talk this over politely. The raise in taxes did look a bit steep, they allowed. But it just happened that one young man, of an old and rich family in Cincinnati, had grown tired of being polite about Cincinnati's scandalous situation. Someone politely asked him at this very polite meeting to tell the listeners what he thought of the proposed new bonds.

"All right," he said, in substance. "I'll speak. What I want to know is what becomes of our money after the city government gets it?"

What's more, he said, most impolitely, that he thought much of it went into graft. He allowed that he wanted a revolution in Cincinnati, and nothing but a revolution would do. For one thing he pointed to the useless $6,000,000 car burrow.

The talk caused a furor. Seasongood began to roam the city, speaking before civic organizations. The members of the Cincinnatus Association began to back him.

The citizens of the town had found a leader, and Cincinnati began to raise its head. "Don't give these fellows any more money," commanded Seasongood.

The people didn't. On Election Day they went to the polls in unprecedented numbers and voted no. That showed that Hynicka's gang could be licked; a fellow could fight for his city as well as for his country.

The Cincinnatus Club met again. Over in Cleveland they had the city-manager form of government. Why couldn't Cincinnati try it? asked the members of the club. They voted that the city ought to change its charter. Citizens outside the club rallied around the plan, and in November of 1924 the citizens of Cincinnati took their government into their own hands by a vote of 92,510 against the gang supporters' 41,105.

The charter then adopted gave them a city council of only nine members, a mayor, chosen by the nine councilmen, and a city manager who hires and fires, says yes or no, and expends the funds of the city just as a business man.

Crime is Falling Off

THE first city council of nine, which included Seasongood, who had started the fight, was elected from among more than 300 candidates.

Two former judges, one outstanding lawyer, one former councilman who had always fought the gang, one contractor, one manufacturer, one woman, one labor union official and one merchant were elected to the council.

The council chose Murray Seasongood as mayor. That was two years ago. They sent off to Washington and hired Colonel C. O. Sherrill, who, as an army officer in Washington, had been attached to the White House during the Presidency of William H. Taft and had shown business acumen in conducting the parks and parkways of the national capital, to be the city manager. For two years now the new plan has worked.

There's someone in Cincinnati now who can fire crooked policemen.

Wherefore a strange thing happened in the police department.

Three policemen have been shot by crooks within recent months in fighting crime. Policemen were rarely shot by criminals in the old Hynicka days.

"Our streets are getting paved at last," a taxicab man told me.

"Crime is falling off among the young because there's someone who has power to close the poolrooms," a judge told me.

The professional politicians have at last let go of city government in Cincinnati. Six weeks ago they tried to get back into power but candidates of the "professionals" were defeated except in two cases in the race for the city council and voters reëlected Seasongood and other charter supporters. Cincinnati held on to home rule but it has ceased hanging to Presidential coat tails in its elections. Both Republicans and Democrats have been practically kicked out as municipal parties. Issues are always local; they have to do with city affairs and with the welfare of citizens.

Voters, who are frequently members of civic organizations, have a chance to vote for first or second choices.

There are no designated party candidates on Election Day tickets.

The nine men who get the highest number of votes form the council. They elect one of themselves mayor and then they choose a city manager, who is given, by the city charter, all the great powers of a business executive.

Cincinnati has followed the lead of over 350 cities and towns in about two thirds of our states and has taken charge of its own affairs.

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THE DERBY OCCUPIES THE same place in a man's wardrobe that a town car does in his garage. Both have the formal touch! Derbies with the label of Knox cost from $8 to $20.

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Christmas Belles

Continued from page 7

have brains, but when you picked me for a boy friend you showed you was acquainted with your groceries! That tip you just give me proves it. What a pair we're going to make!"

"A pair of what?" demands Queenie.

"You've heard of matrimony, haven't you?" I grins.

"Listen, Big Boy," she says softly, "right now we like each other, and don't let's talk about doing anything that would spoil our friendship."

She was no push-over, I'll tell the League of Nations!

So me and Jack opens up this nobby gym about two weeks later, splitting the nut fifty-fifty and the gate the same way. We barred no sex known to man, and I hired a keen mermaid to teach the cuteys the crawl in our hundred-foot swimming pool and a huge Swedish damsel to pat their curves into the season's latest streamline model. For the men we had one of the best equipped gyms in the burg, with every gadjet for keeping a guy on his toes from chest weights to medicine ball, and, of course, the joint was always full of dumbells, tee-hee!

We had boxing and wrestling classes, a running track, stationary bicycles, flesh builders and flesh melters. Jack worked out there daily himself so's to keep in shape for fisteycuffs just in case, and when Fay Daniels appeared in person for our grand opening, together with just about who's who in the movies, we got off to one wonderful start.

We give 'em a swell show for that opening, people, and turned hundreds away, I wouldn't fool you! The dessert was three four-round exhibition boxing bouts with the main event featuring Jack King vs One-Round Vincent.

This Vincent had been a tough boy in his day, but booze had win too many decisions over him. He had a goofy look. He was now earning his cakes by being valet, lobbygow and bodyguard for Kempton Calhoun. The boys wore heavy training gloves, and all this was supposed to be was a fast display of the manly art, with no attempts to break noses or slip over a haymaker. One-Round outweighed Jack about fifteen pounds and I don't mean ounces!

Jack's first blow wouldn't of disturbed a baby. But it disturbed One-Round Vincent, which circled around Jack, pawing at him viciously with his left, his right glove cocked and a scowl on his unappetizing pan.

Suddenly, for no reason what so ever, he rushed and landed a hard left and right to the head, both of which he meant and not in fun either! Jack looked surprised and clinched, where Vincent, a smart infighter, begin pumping both hands wickedly to the body and plenty low at that. This was the tip-off! I was refereeing the "exhibition," and I quickly broke 'em, muttering angrily in Vincent's Brussels-sprout ear, "Be your age, palooka, or you'll get a pasting!" He swore hoarsely at me, shoved me away and knocked Jack down with a terrific right to the jaw. What's wrong with this picture?

WELL, when Jack went down everybody in the trap leaped to their feet and howled. The other bouts had been plenty snappy, but after all the boys had merely been faking it, while this one looked like the real thing. It was!

Jack took a count of four, and when he got up Vincent run amuck and tore in with both gloves swinging like nobody's affairs. He was now saying it with right hooks, and he was no bargain! A wild one caught Jack on the ear, and a left uppercut he forgot to duck sent his head back with a jerk. Another torrid right brought blood from his lips, and he swayed back against the ropes in the corner beneath which Fay and Calhoun was sitting. Not so good! The crowd was tearing the roof off and Calhoun howled, "Knock him out, Vincent!" Fay shot him a amazed glance—she still thought this was just make-believe.

But Jack knew different! He'd been on the floor and put there by a chump in front of his girl, his rival and all that Hollywood mob which knew him. He worked away from the ropes and looked at Mr. Vincent with a cold, thoughtful grin. Vincent was short with a left, and Jack countered with a sizzling right to the body that made this prancing tomato gasp. Another stiff right to the heart was half blocked and then Vincent hit low again. Jack's face twisted with pain, and I asked him should I stop it, but he forced a smile and said no, at the same time jabbing Vincent's rubber nose with a left.

They was in the center of the ring coming out of a clinch when Vincent started another rally. He landed a poisonous right to the head, and Jack slipped to his knees in dancing away from another one. The crowd roared,

Santa Claus: "I reckon I'm the only one who'll ever do it"

and Calhoun laughed. He was having a nice time, the big stiff!

They was less than a minute to go when Jack sprung to his feet and begin sparring carefully with Vincent. I knew Jack didn't wish to lay this gil unless he had to, still they was no question but that Vincent was trying like all get out to knock my boy for a loop. It was a big chance for him and it flashed across my mind that Kempton Calhoun had probably put this hired man of his up to it.

"C'mon and fight, you blank cartridge!" snarled Vincent when Jack begin back-pedaling away from his leads. He then charged in and roughed Jack to the ropes, where he drove two fluent lefts to the body—the last one so low that even the crowd squawked loudly. But Jack didn't squawk. The gamester straightened up and, tilting Vincent's head back with a light left, he shot a right to the jaw which would of floored a horse, what I mean! Vincent was no horse, but when his shoulder blades hit the mat he bounced. The house was in a uproar at the count of ten, and Vincent was still prostrate in the land of nod when the bell rung a second later. It was twenty minutes before Jack's prey could be helped from the ring, and if they hadn't swept him up he'd be there yet. What a round!

In the dressing-room, Jack didn't feel so chipper himself. A mouse was beginning to grow under his left eye where he'd been butted in a clinch, though otherwise he was unmarked. He rushed out of the shower and hopped into his clothes so's he could take the lovely Fay home, but it just wasn't Jack King's night, for he run into another sock in the nose when he met her. His weakness was with Calhoun, which was holding her fur wrap.

"I think it was perfectly horrid of you to forget yourself and make that bout a real fight!" exclaims Fay, while Jack's eyes pop open.

"I had to!" he stammers. "He was tryin' to stop me!"

"Nonsense!" sneers Calhoun. "You simply wanted to show off before the crowd at the expense of that poor battered has-been. Vincent can't fight."

"But, oh, how he did!" snaps Jack, "How would you like a smack in the whiskers, Pest?"

"THERE'S been quite enough pugilism this evening!" cries Fay. "Mr. Calhoun, will you take me to my car?"

"But, lookey here, Gorgeous, I—" begins Jack.

"I wish you wouldn't call me those silly names!" interrupts Fay.

"Cheez, if everything I do's a foul, I better check out," says Jackie, burning up. "C'mon, Marty, we're poison here!"

The course of true love is no speedway, hey?

Well, they might of been a lot of things which Miss Fay Daniels could do to perfection, but keeping mad at Jack wasn't one of 'em. She held out for two days and then discovered somebody had invented telephones, so she snapped her dainty fingers, and like usual Jack come a-running. They was a big dinner dance at the snootiest of the country clubs, and Calhoun had asked Fay to catch it with him, but she pleaded a headache and went with Jack, which squared her for that push-around she give him after the scrap with One-Round Vincent. I took Queenie Davis, and after the first whirl the four of us went out on the veranda.

"This is about the only time I feel like cheating on Los Angeles," sighed Fay. "Honestly, I get horribly homesick here at this season of the year. Where I come from they're just buried in snow, and I do love a white Christmas, don't you!"

"Absolutely!" says Jack. "Suppose we find out where they're shootin' a Eskimo picture, and we can spend the holidays on the set."

"No, but, all joking aside," went on Fay, "this has been such a perfectly wonderful year for me, kids, and I'm so happy about my success, and everything, that I want to make somebody else happy for Christmas too. I'll tell you what I'd simply love to do—I've got a yen to give someone who's broke and all alone out here a big Christmas dinner and a tree and a party and all that goes with it! I don't mean just buy them a meal; I want to play hostess myself and—"

"That's a grand thought!" broke in Queenie. "Can I help you, Fay?"

"I'd be glad to have you, dear, but your folks are here and—well, aren't you going to spend Christmas with them?" asked Fay.

"Not if I can help it!" declares my failing bitterly. "I guess I'm different from most little girls, for if I can get away from the family fireside this Yuletide I'll be tickled silly!"

"Why, Queenie, you don't mean that!" Fay exclaimed. "Everyone wants to be home on Christmas, no matter *where* they are the rest of the year. My people are all back East, or you bet I'd be with them!"

"Would you like to sit down to a Christmas dinner opposite your father, who's plastered to the ears and bawling you out every second when he's not exchanging sarcastic cracks with your mother?" asks Queenie. "Would you like to toy with a turkey leg while your mother snatches it out of your hand and says if you get fat on her she'll die of a broken heart, after how she's slaved to put you in pictures? Would you like to wait till Oscar, that actor police dog of ours, is served with the best of everything first and, sitting right next to you at the table, snatches your food away from you? For Gossakes, can I invite anyone nice to a layout like that?"

"You often invited me, kid," I says, to stop her from the tears she was on the brink of. "And while I may not be nice—"

"I didn't mean you, Marty," she interrupts, half grinning. "You're not a stranger to me and won't be as long as we don't get married. But this canine—you know he's just finished Avenging Jaws, and I'm afraid it's a knockout. He bit the menace twice and run the hero ragged, and they had one fine time getting those boys back for the retakes! Mother's going to hang up a stocking for Oscar Christmas Eve, and I've already wrapped a cute little package of arsenic for him tagged, 'Merry Christmas, from Queenie.' Do you know that when I came in last night dead to the world after that fearful day we had on location, Mother made me sit up till two o'clock addressing that dog's Christmas cards! Wouldn't that slay you?"

That last one goaled us all and we managed to laugh Queenie out of her Santy Claus blues. It was finally agreed that Fay and Queenie would hurl a big party for some total loss, while me and Jack would help these Christmas Belles pour, hey-hey!

WELL, as luck would have it, Kempton Calhoun got hep to our plans, and he gnashed the procelain off his flashing teeth trying to dope out some way to horn in on the thing. This garter snake got a break in the weather, for the day before Christmas it was pouring rain in Los Angeles, like it generally does at that time of the year, and he'd heard Fay bitterly bemoan the lack of crisp winds and drifting snow. So he propositioned her to use his lodge at Big Bear for her party, and as they was about eight feet of snow at the lake and icicles had changed the big pine woods into a glittering fairyland Fay delightedly took him up and, of course, invited him to join our festivities.

Big Bear's only a six-hour drive from town and all marvelous roads through eye-soothing scenery, so she jumped at his offer. In gently hanging up the receiver after Fay called up Jack to tell him about this my box fighter put our phone out of commission for four hours!

The next thing was to choose a guest of honor, and after going over a long list of candidates we elected the gateman at the studio where Fay and Calhoun emoted before the clicking camera. He was Queenie's choice, and many's the time this white-haired, kindly old gent, which looked like he never had a good time in his life, let me and Jack slip past the studio portals where strangers is about as welcome as a blaze

(*Continued on page 38*)

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"Pull" *vs.* "Push" *in Present-Day Merchandising*

AN INTERVIEW *with* JAMES V. REED
General Sales Manager of THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.

THERE I was, scarcely twenty-one, alone in London, standing beside a mountain of Williams American Shaving Soap and the trade had said—'Yes, we'll buy your soap when you show us that the British public will scrap the soaps they are now using in favor of your American brand.' This was back in the 'gay' nineties."

James V. Reed, a director of The J. B. Williams Company, and for many years its General Sales Manager, was talking to Collier's on present-day merchandising. He went back thirty-five years in his experience to illustrate his point.

"That looks like a depressing situation, but any man who really loves to sell will understand me when I say it was a condition that stimulated and challenged me.

Now It's 'Sales Suction'

"Of course I didn't dream of it then, but The J. B. Williams Company was right on the eve of discovering a new and modern merchandising method.

"The old method, the one that had been generally followed up to that time, was the 'push' method. A manufacturer made a product and then sold it to the jobber. Then he kept pushing the jobber till he unloaded on the retailer. Then the push was applied to the retailer till he, in turn, finally unloaded on the consumer.

"The modern, scientific method and the one that common sense approves as well, is the 'suction' or 'pull' method. Now, The J. B. Williams Company makes a product and tells the consumer about it, meanwhile stocking jobber and retailer only heavily enough to take care of the initial demand from the consumer. Establish a suction between consumer and manufacturer and nine-tenths of the so-called trade problems are solved.

"It occurred to me that the chemist, the name our British cousins give their druggist, was a consumer as well as a dealer. I went for him, therefore, as a consumer. I pounded the sidewalks, giving a cake of American Shaving Soap to every chemist. I told him to use it himself and that I would call again to learn his decision.

"Within two weeks they were looking for me. They liked the soap—they liked it better than the transparent British soaps they had been using. Jobbers also had had calls for the American brand.

Within 90 Days

"Well, there you are—a small beginning, but it had the makings of our present big, sure policy. I worked the thing out in the same way in France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Switzerland, Belgium, Italy and other European countries.

"Today, when Williams gets out a new article, the course is clear. Acceptance is immediate. Within ninety days from the time we announce it to the trade, the new article is on its feet with both trade and consumer.

"It worked out this way with our Hinge-Cap Shaving Cream and still more recently with Aqua Velva, the wonderful after-shaving preparation.

The Merchandising Rifle

"In describing and illustrating this policy to our wholesale and retail customers in connection with a new product for a new combination we have sometimes used a cartoon. This cartoon shows a rifle that has just discharged a bullet that has landed in the bull's-eye of the target. The rifle is labeled, 'The J. B. Williams Company'; the target is labeled, 'The Consumer.' Between the rifle and the target, however, are two more targets, one labeled, 'Wholesaler,' and the other 'Retailer.' The bull's-eyes in both these intermediate targets are torn also, indicating that the bullet has passed through these bull's-eyes to reach the center of the 'Consumer' target. The meaning of the picture is obvious.

Photograph by Pirie MacDonald

"In the thirty-five years during which I have sold Williams Shaving Soaps to jobbers and retailers in practically every city in the United States, Canada and Europe, I have found that if four things are done thoroughly and with energy, success is sure to follow.

Four Steps to Success

"1. We keep our laboratories busy on two things—perfecting old lines and bringing out new. We are always putting our products to severe, scientific tests, always looking for new light, always experimenting. In this way, we first know what conditions we are aiming to meet; then we find the formula that meets them. When a product goes out, therefore, it is right.

"2. The second step is to pass the production to jobber and retailer with a word as to its uses and its virtues. Acceptance is immediate. When the trade gets a new Williams line, past experience enables the trade to order with confidence.

"3. The third step is to tell the public. This of course is a very important thing. With the consumer informed through national advertising in such mediums as Collier's and other big, national periodicals, a suction is established that draws the product from the factory through the jobber and retailer to the ultimate user.

"4. We give the retailers the best selling helps we can get and we give them the most effective window and counter displays that money can buy. In brief, it's this way — Williams products are made expressly for the consumer and are sent him in care of the jobber and retailer."

One of a series of informative interviews with American business leaders to show the public what present-day merchandising is doing to make it more convenient and economical to buy goods

Products of THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY *are advertised in* Collier's, *The Magazine of Today*

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EASY
TO SHUFFLE

♠

BICYCLE
and
CONGRESS
PLAYING CARDS

The U. S. Playing Card Co.
Cincinnati, U. S. A. Windsor, Canada
Co-sponsors with Auction Bridge Magazine,
(Milton C. Work, Wilbur C. Whitehead, Editors)
30 Ferry St., New York, of

BRIDGE *by* RADIO

Christmas Belles

Continued from page 36

in the cutting-room. As his exacting portfolio only paid about fifty bucks the month and he was by no means a fashion plate in garb and the like, we figured that he was just the type to fully appreciate a big Christmas surprise party with dinner and gifts to match.

We was all for him, called him "Chief" and the only thing I ever had against him was the way he bowed and scraped to Kempton Calhoun, which he seemed to look on as a tin god.

We simply told the old boy that we wished him to come with us and help decorate a friend's lodge for Christmas, promising him he'd be well took care of for his labors. We said nothing to Calhoun about who we was bringing up, on the grounds that he might bark and meow about entertaining a lowly gateman, him being such a society leader himself when away from the grease paints.

Hopped up over what he thought was merely a swell chance to earn some Christmas money, our guest was on the job bright and early on the morn of the fatal day, helping load Fay's big car with suit cases, gifts, robes and the etc., and sitting up front with the chauffeur when the four of us piled in and hopped off for the lake, laughing and kidding each other like a bunch of happy tots. The whole joyful air of Christmas had us, ordinary remarks making us giggle our heads off, and whatever cares and worries we had was under glass for the day.

No fooling, Jack made more headway with Fay Daniels on that ride than he had in weeks, and I had Queenie talked four feet from the marriage license clerk before we'd left the city limits. If we'd only had a idea of what a yell climax our innocent, big-hearted party was going to bring about, what I mean!

The winding road up the mountain has a tough S turn every few yards and just one long thrill. Pretty soon you're over the tops of the tallest trees, and then you gaze down like a aviator and see nothing but space to receive you should you try to straighten out one of them curves and miss. What a ride!

Well, Kempton Calhoun had everything all set when we pulled up between deep snowbanks outside his lodge on the rim of the frozen lake, with a background of towering, white-limbed pines—a picture which had caused even the Hollywood set builders to grudgingly admit that Nature was beginning to show some promise as a scene painter. The first guy which rushes out to help with our baggage is no less than One-Round Vincent. He stopped short and scowled when he seen Jack, but that lad just grinned a Merry Christmas at him and helped Fay out of the car. Then a bunch of people, some of which we knew and some of which we didn't, bust out and crowded around us, wishing us the season's greetings and throwing snowballs at us till we run inside the lodge.

CALHOUN was dressing in another room, so we got a chance to look the layout over before sitting down to dinner at a long table already piled high with the preliminary food, cocktails and decorations. The walls was hung with pictures of Calhoun in different parts he'd played, holly wreaths, tinsel streamers, bells and mistletoe, and in one corner was a big Christmas tree, all lit up like two thirds of the guests. On the tree everybody had hung their gifts to each other, and our old gateman takes us to one side and shows us a present he's going to hang on it for Calhoun. It was a pair of lounging slippers which he'd probably saved every dime he could get a hold of to buy, and we thought this was carrying hero worship about eight miles past the limit, what I mean!

At last Kempton Calhoun stepped into the big dining-room, nodded coldly to us, gushed all over Fay and then went right up in the air when he pegged the gateman of his studio fussing around the tree. Even when Fay quickly explained in a whisper that this was the gent she's giving the Christmas surprise to, the handsome leading man seemed plenty upset. The idea of entertaining a humble gateman—why, my dear, you know it simply isn't done!

But when the old man is seated at the head of the table by Fay herself, told he is the guest of honor and that all this is for him and fairly sprayed with gifts and money—well, you should of seen his wrinkled, dumfounded pan! He just couldn't speak and simply stared at the smiling faces which surrounded him with wide-open, dazed eyes, like he greatly feared he was dreaming and would have to cut out them midnight sandwiches hereafter. Calhoun seemed very anxious to get this part of the celebration over with, slipping the trembling ancient a pipe and a pouch of tobacco with his card on it—a gift which set him back about two bucks, and I ground my teeth, thinking of them slippers which had cost the old man many's the needed meal!

Then Calhoun grabbed the spot light for himself again by showing everybody the gorgeous gifts he broke down and confessed he'd got from his wealthy family, his fans and his yes-men. Dressing gowns which belonged in the movies and no place else, jewelry, books, silver flasks, gold cigarette cases, platinum cigar lighters, canes—thousands of dollars' worth of gewgaws! He give Fay a low bow and a pearl necklace, and while she's still hesitating and blushing and the others is staring at it popeyed, Jack gets ablaze.

He'd give his charmer a pip of a diamond bracelet, which I'd duplicated for Queenie Davis, showing that a guy in love is a guy insane, but I got a swell bathrobe and a sweller kiss in return, at that. Fay give Jack a nifty wrist watch and me a box of millionaire's cigars in exchange for some genuine lace handkerchiefs, and that's the way it went, everybody grabbing their gifts and "Just what I wanted!" was all you could hear for the next half hour.

After some more clowning we all had another appetizer and then sit down to the table and tied into the nourishment, music supplied by a hot orchestra in Los Angeles, over the radio. Parties was being organized for the Tournament of Roses and the annual big football game, West vs. East at Pasadena on New Year's Day, and what with the laughing and chattering and kidding back and forth it looked like the party was a triple success from all angles, *you* know, everybody merry and bright.

Jack was still heated up over that pearl necklace Calhoun had give Fay and so was Vera Kane, which had been Calhoun's leading woman and, some said, heavy girl friend before Fay ruined all competition from her own sex by being born.

Somebody had just told a new and rib-cracking yarn about a well-known Retake Alley producer of the "nize baby" type, when, wam!—without no warning, the thunderbolt struck!

"Eagle," by P. H. Stone, New York City.

Draw a
NAMEOGRAPH

Any word that brings a picture to your mind will do. Collier's will pay $5.00 for each one published.

The old gateman had inhaled plenty of the potent Christmas punch, and he suddenly decided the time was ripe for a speech. So up he gets, raps on the table with his knife and in spite of Calhoun's roughly bawled orders to sit down he clears his throat and says:

"Folks, I want to thank you one and all for what you've done for me this Christmas Day. [Applause] And I only wish them which says actors is hard-hearted and selfish was here to see how happy you made me. [Applause] So let's all drink a toast to the biggest star of them all—my son, Kempton Calhoun!"

HOT dog! *"My son—Kempton Calhoun!"* Here was a movie for your life, hey what? For a second you could of heard a feather light on a velvet cushion, and then Calhoun and everybody else has jumped to their feet. Fay is staring at the chalk-faced movie pet like he was some dish which always made her sick at her stomach when she eat it. Jack looks like he just stopped one with his chin, and Queenie has stepped up and put her arm around the old man, which is white-faced now himself as he realizes what a sensation he's caused by his little speech of thanks!

"Why—I—why, the old fool's drunk!" fairly hisses Calhoun. "He—"

"He's not drunk!" the clear, hard voice of Vera Kane, his ex-sweetie, cuts through the nerve-racking atmosphere. "You should be ashamed to speak of your father like that—but then you don't know the meaning of shame, you big, egotistical four-flusher! Most of those alleged gifts from worshiping fans you bought *yourself*, and I should know, for I was with you. You come from a wealthy, aristocratic family the same way I come from Mars! You never saw a college in your life; you're an ex-life guard at the summer resorts, and your name's Pete Dugan, not Kempton Calhoun! This poor old man is your father, a studio watchman at twelve dollars a week, while you get five thousand and let him do it. We all know that this same situation is duplicated in Hollywood by two or three other big-hearted heroes and heroines of the movies which I don't need to mention, but *you're* not going to get away with it, Mr. Kempton Calhoun!"

Calhoun, facing her, his face the color of putty, said nothing. He was sunk! The others moved about the table, whispering nervously, knocking over glasses, looking like "How d'ye get out of here?" Christmas had come and gone, what I mean! Some reached frantically for their flasks, and Fay tossed the necklace Calhoun had gave her across the table where it fell with a loud tinkle in his plate.

"Good-by, Mr. Calhoun," she said coldly. "You might sell those pearls and buy your father a home! It will make no difference whatever in *my* feeling toward you after tonight, but you may win back your own self-respect. Merry Christmas, everybody!"

"Cheez!" Jack busts out as we piled into the car. "What Santy Claus brung *that* guy! And not one of us ever dreamed who that gate tender was!"

"That's what *you* think!" spoke up Queenie, and it was the first time I seen her pretty face hard. "Vera Kane's my cousin, and Calhoun gave her a run-around. My family pays its bills! What do you think I selected that gateman for?"

Cut!

Another story in the Bigger and Better series by H. C. Witwer will appear in an early issue

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Round Garters

Continued from page 16

laid four pink fingers over her nasion-gnathion height. "Ho hum," said Jan delicately.

Andrew was much at the museum that summer, preparing the report of his work at Perigon. In previous years he had prepared his reports at home, but now he found the atmosphere of the museum, with its cool, echoing rooms and rows of glass cases, more conducive to labor; there was an empty office next beyond Jan's, and Mr. Shippenwaite kindly let him have it for the summer. It was important for him to see Mr. Shippenwaite often in regard to the Copplehammer Foundation. Almost every day he laid before him new details and new proposals. Mr. Shippenwaite seemed to think well of them.

Mark Gibbon thought well of them too. He was always in and out with that free and easy way he had. Andrew did not like it. It irked him to hear Mark talk about "our" collections, and "our" museum, and "our" foundation. Once Andrew found him sitting on the edge of Jan's typewriting table, swinging his legs and talking—and that irked Andrew too.

The appointment under the Copplehammer Foundation had not yet been made, but it was openly said about the museum that there was no doubt that Andrew Kane would have it.

Since he was at the museum, anyway, at noon, it was often convenient for Andrew to lunch with Jan; since he was there at night, it was often convenient for him to dine with her. Andrew's interest in Jan as a disharmonic type never grew less. He liked to sit across the table from her and watch the wrinkles come over the top of her little mesorrhin nose when she laughed. Jan laughed a great deal.

Jan was the only one to whom Andrew confessed how awfully much he wanted the appointment under the Copplehammer Foundation.

ONE night Andrew took Jan to a dance so that he could study her muscular coördination . . . and Jan's muscular coördination was so perfect, her correlation so scientifically correct, that after that he took her to ever so many dances more. He found that he was a good dancer still. Jan said so.

Andrew talked a great deal about anthropology. He told Jan all about the sacred well of Chichen-Itza, where the ancient Mayas offered each spring the fairest of their maidens as a bride for Yum Chac, the rain god.

"Oo-o," said Jan. "Anthropology's awfully romantic, isn't it?"

"It is?" said Andrew. He had never thought of anthropology as *romantic*.

He was talking about anthropology, of course, that night when Mark Gibbon joined them at dinner though Andrew had not asked Mark to come.

There was something about Mark Gibbon that always made Andrew feel large and hot and unnecessary.

Mark talked a great deal, speaking with authority on every subject. He discussed the odds on the next prize fight. Radio. Aviation. He said that he had flown a good deal, and gave the impression that he might have made a nonstop flight around the world had he not devoted himself to science. Andrew had flown a good deal too, but only as a means of getting somewhere. It had never occurred to him to talk about it.

"When I flew from Paris—" he began now—and got no further.

"There's a looker," said Mark, peering over his shoulder at a thin sketch of a girl in green. Mark, it appeared, could talk even about fashions. "And do you get the knee clocks?"

"Knee clocks? Where?" cried Andrew, craning his neck. Then he saw. Knee clocks had to do with hosiery and bore no relation to wrist watches. He felt hot and confused.

"The Maya women—" he began haltingly.

"Come on," said Mark to Jan Malory. "Let's take a turn."

Andrew sat at the empty table and watched Mark and Jan dance. They danced very well, and their muscular coördination was excellent. Andrew screwed himself about in his chair so as not to lose sight of them and upset a glass of water into Mark's frozen peaches. He had visions of a long, unscientific evening when he should sit alone and watch Mark and Jan dancing.

Andrew was even glad to see Billings. Billings came walking down the room with that curious, hesitant air of his, and Andrew welcomed him because he seemed miserable too.

"I—I suppose you've had lots of interesting experiences—down there?" Billings hazarded.

"What?" said Andrew vaguely. "Oh, nothing much." He was not thinking about Billings; he was looking over his head at Jan and Mark Gibbon.

BILLINGS could see how it was. In a kind of desperation he tried to interest Andrew in the only way he knew to interest scientists—by his money. "They—they tried to get me to put something in down there," he said, "but I—I couldn't see it."

"No?" said Andrew absently. "No."

Jan and Mark came back then. Billings rose up, bowing and blundering, and presently fidgeted away. Perhaps he did something for Andrew, after all, for upon that Mark remembered that he had to go too.

"Mighty sorry I can't stay," he said. "Got a date."

Andrew was still rather silent when he was alone again with Jan. It was hard to pick up the thread of his scientific talk where he had left it. They danced once and kept getting out of step. They went home early.

On the way home Andrew stopped at a news stand and bought himself some magazines. One was called Aviation. One was called Radio. One was called Fists. One was called Fashion. He went to his room and set a chair beside the bed and spread them all out before him.

Andrew Kane could have told you to a nicety the details of dress of the embroideries of the *huipile*, and the exact construction of the *pic*. But he could not have described a single costume worn that summer by Miss Jan Malory. Mark would have known, of course. Andrew had only a vague feeling that she wore a kind of funny rose sometimes, and sometimes a kind of queer orange, and not very fancy things, he guessed, in the office; and, anyway, whatever she wore was all right. He was amazed to find that there was a highly technical vocabulary connected with the dress of modern woman.

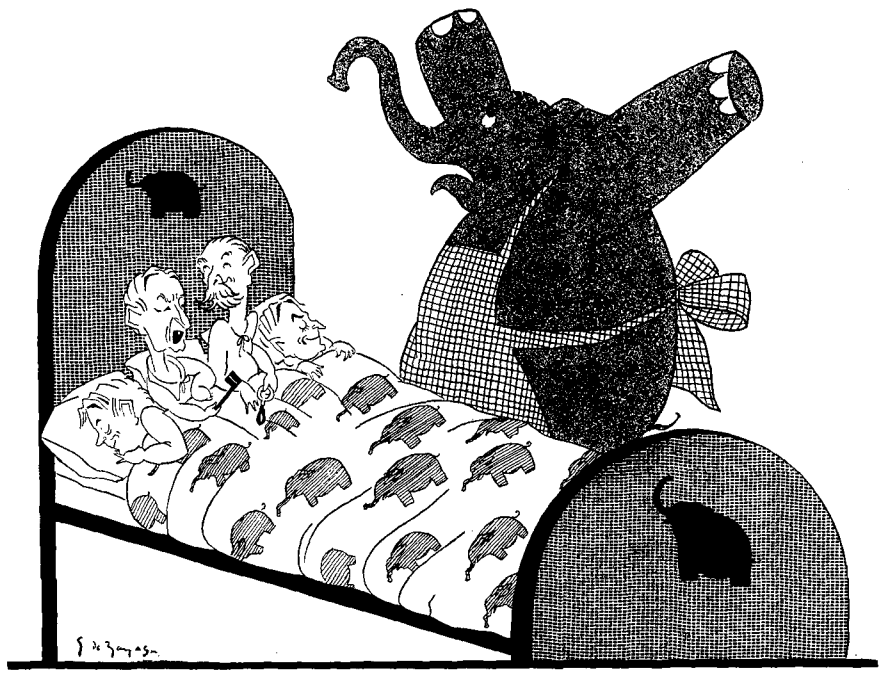
There was a material called *toile de soie*. There was one called *crêpe flamenga*. There was something called a *bateau neck;* and something called a *godet*. Hats were going to be large again. Round garters had gone out in favor of supporters on a belt. He turned that page over quickly. On the next page the five-in-one pantie suit was recommended: no lumpy gathers. Andrew fairly whirled *that* page over. His mind was in a whirl too. He could not imagine the five-in-one pantie suit. He supposed he ought not to try. . . .

Nevertheless, on his way to work the next morning Andrew bought a magazine called Dress, and looked through the pages before he hid it away under the report on Perigon. October brides, he read, would wear very short white satin with very long trains and tight sleeves. . . .

Andrew and Jan had lunched together so often that that day he took it rather for granted and tendered no special invitation; the result was that Jan somehow got off ahead of him, and he had to chase her down the street in a most undignified way; sounds of mirth behind him indicated that all the little stenographers were betting on him to win. He overtook her at the corner.

(*Continued on page 40*)

NEWS FROM THE BEDSIDE



BY THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

THE time has come for another bedside bulletin about the Republican Presidential candidacies.

The Hoover candidacy is not doing so well as might be expected. Mr. Hoover ought by this time to be out and sprinting, and he isn't.

The Hughes candidacy is hopelessly weak.

Ex-Governor Lowden did all his running before the race began. He started in 1920 and is breathless.

Mr. Dawes has to wait and trust to luck.

All sensible people know that Mr. Coolidge is definitely out of it. But as Mr. Hoover, with a free field, hasn't made a runaway race of it, political speculation is beginning to regard Dawes as the probable nominee.

Here's a little sign: the Southern brother when he comes to Washington directs his whispered questions to the prospects of the Vice President.

Everybody concedes that the Republican standard bearer in 1928 will be either Mr. Hoover or Mr. Dawes. The tactics of the one are and must be the exact opposite of the tactics of the other. Mr. Hoover, having got out in front, must get so far in front that no one can overhaul him. Mr. Dawes is by force of circumstances compelled to remain in the rear and wait until the leaders show that they cannot win.

Mr. Hoover should make the Dawes tactics impossible, and at this writing he is not doing it. The Dawes waiting game seems to be the best, for it now seems probable that a majority of the delegates to the next national convention will be either uninstructed or instructed for favorite sons, and that is the situation which favors the candidate who is a clever politician and who has not exhibited his strength before the delegates get together.

If There Were a Roosevelt—

NOW, there are some superficial signs that the Hoover candidacy will not be aggressive enough to disturb the Dawes strategy. There have appeared in the press two or three defensive articles about the Secretary of Commerce.

One was Dr. Garfield's statement that Mr. Hoover had nothing to do with fixing the war price of wheat, a subject of complaint among the farmers.

The other was correspondence replying to the suggestion that Mr. Hoover was ineligible under the constitutional requirement of fourteen years' residence. From 1914 on to 1917 Mr. Hoover was feeding the Belgians.

Now, it is bad business for a candidate or his friends to pay too much attention to attacks. A man as sensitive and as timid politically as Mr. Hoover is, once he is put upon the defensive, is very easily kept there.

So this sign is not reassuring to those who admire Mr. Hoover and think quite properly that he would make a great President.

One hears that the great obstacle Mr. Hoover's candidacy is encountering is the unwillingness of the Republican politicians to commit themselves to it on the ground that Mr. Coolidge may in the end be drafted.

That attitude on the part of the politicians is less than half of it genuine doubt of Mr. Coolidge's intentions and more than half of it doubt of Mr. Hoover's ability to win.

If there were a Roosevelt in the field, a great light would break upon the political intelligence, which would perceive easily that Mr. Coolidge was not going to be President again.

It All Suits Mr. Dawes

MR. HOOVER'S political managers, it seems to me, encourage the politicians in their attitude of waiting. Mr. Hoover himself is waiting to see what Mr. Coolidge does. At this writing he is still a member of the President's Cabinet and has not openly declared his candidacy.

He thus puts himself in the position of being unwilling to commit himself to seeking the nomination because Mr. Coolidge may change his mind and consent to be drafted. While he plays safe the politicians are likely to follow his example.

If he had followed Mr. Curtis in treating the scolding of Mr. Fess as a final indication that the President was not a candidate, he would have forced other waiting candidates like the Vice President into the open.

Being a member of the Cabinet, his acting on the assumption that the President would refuse to be drafted would have created a profound impression.

In other words, what is needed of the Hoover candidacy is more aggressiveness, more boldness. His indecision contributes to the general indecision. He is the leading candidate, and he gives the character to the campaign. If he continues to act as if there were doubt about the President's intention, everybody will.

It suits Mr. Dawes' purpose to have doubt about the President's intention. So it does Mr. Hughes' purposes, so far as they are a factor in the situation. The only one who is hurt by the pretense that there is any real doubt about the President's intentions is Mr. Hoover. There is still time at this writing for him to assume the offensive.

I have a notion that if Mr. Dawes were in Mr. Hoover's place he would have done so long before this.

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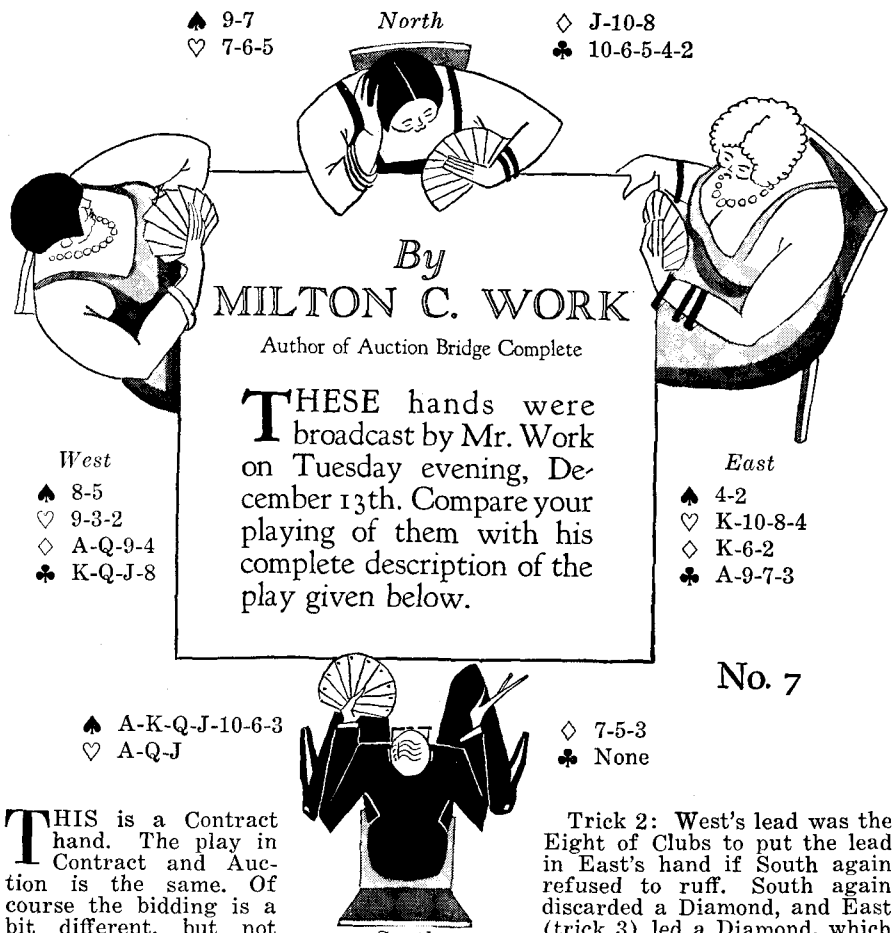
How Would You Play It?



THIS is a Contract hand. The play in Contract and Auction is the same. Of course the bidding is a bit different, but not nearly so much so as many supposed it would be when Contract was first taken up by American players.

The Auction

SOUTH (Dealer) bid four Spades. In Contract, game is not scored unless bid for, and South naturally feared that a bid of three might not produce a jump from his partner. There was no further bidding, so South played his four Spades.

In Bridge South might have started with a bid of one, three or four Spades, and a strong argument could be advanced in support of each bid.

The contention of the one-Spade bidder would be that, with such great major strength, he confidently expected to outbid his adversaries and would hope for a double if forced up, apparently unwillingly, to three or four.

The three-Spade bidder (the conservative) would try to shut out the adversaries with a bid that could be made beyond peradventure.

The four-Spade bidder would reason that the chances favored his success, and that his honors would offset any loss from undertricks; that a preëmpting bid, if worth while, should be made to the limit and the bid of four probably would keep the adversaries from going to five Clubs, a bid which quite possibly they would reach if permitted to show each their strength.

The Play

TRICK 1: West led the King of Clubs, on which South discarded a small Diamond instead of ruffing. There was but slight chance that this play could be of service, as it probably would steer the adversaries to a Diamond lead, but there was a remote possibility that four rounds of Clubs might be led, establishing the Ten in Dummy, or that East, winning a second or third Club, might lead up to Heart weakness in Dummy. That clever adversaries would err in either of these ways was very improbable, but it is always wise to give even the ablest of adversaries a chance to fall down when extending the opportunity does not cost Declarer anything. In this case, none of the discarded Diamonds could have been made winners; so nothing could be lost by surrendering them.

Trick 2: West's lead was the Eight of Clubs to put the lead in East's hand if South again refused to ruff. South again discarded a Diamond, and East (trick 3) led a Diamond, which West won.

Trick 4: West tried to defeat the contract by leading the Ace of Diamonds, and Declarer had to stop pussyfooting, as he knew that all the remaining tricks must be won to make contract and game. There was little chance of finding the King of Hearts alone or singly guarded in the East hand, so the only reasonable chance of winning the three Heart tricks necessary for success was for North to lead Hearts twice; and that chance, of course, depended upon East's holding the King. One Dummy entry—the Nine of Spades—was obvious, but the second was not apparent unless the adverse Eight fell on Dummy's Nine. To be prepared to take full advantage of the situation should West have the singleton Eight of Spades, Declarer at trick 4 ruffed with the Ten of Spades, keeping his two small Spades; and then led one of them—the Trey—to trick 5. When West played the Five, there was little chance that he had false-carded from 5-4-2 and that the Eight would drop from East. The chances were very greatly against East's having the singleton Eight, but were even as to its location between East and West. As game was virtually hopeless unless Dummy led Spades twice, the Declarer then resorted to a novel and dangerous expedient. In doing so he took his best chance of making game, as his play increased the probability of getting two entries in Dummy; but it involved the extraordinary and unnecessary finesse of the Seven of trumps, which would have cost a trick if East had held the Eight of Spades. When the coup won, Dummy led a Heart to trick 6 and, when that finesse won also Dummy was put in with the Nine of Spades for a second Heart finesse and game.

In next week's issue Mr. Work will play the Collier's Radio Bridge Hands, to be broadcast Tuesday evening, December 20th, at ten o'clock Eastern Standard Time, through the following stations:

WEAF, New York; WEEI, Boston; WJAR, Providence; WTAG, Worcester; WTIC, Hartford; WGR, Buffalo; WFI, Philadelphia; WRC, Washington; WCSH, Portland, Me.; WSM, Nashville; WHAS, Louisville; WGY, Schenectady; WDAF, Kansas City; WCCO, Minneapolis-St. Paul; WCAE, Pittsburgh; WTAM, Cleveland; WWJ, Detroit; WSAI, Cincinnati; WGN, Chicago; KSD, St. Louis; WOC, Davenport; WSB, Atlanta; WMC, Memphis; WHO, Des Moines; WOW, Omaha; WTMJ, Milwaukee.

Round Garters

Continued from page 39

"Oh, I say!" he cried. "I say! I thought we were going together?"

"Really?" said Jan, continuing her brisk walk.

"We are too," said Andrew firmly. And he put his hand under Jan's arm to keep her from running away again. He felt the material of her sleeve—wondered if it could be *crêpe flamenga*. It was gray, anyhow, he knew that much, and she had a little bright hat and a bright tie.

Andrew had a definite plan in mind that day. He took Jan to the Tinker Bell, where there were booths shut off by palms like little separate rooms. He ordered really a rather good luncheon—and then he was all ready to begin. Beginning, though, was not easy.

"Hats," he said, "are going to be large."

"I shouldn't think a big hat would get in *your* way much," said Jan.

"No," said Andrew. "No. What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing," said Jan.

SHE kept fiddling with her spoon in her cream of mushroom soup and not eating anything. Andrew tried to pick up the conversation again in the sprightly way Mark Gibbon had. But for the life of him he could not think of anything else to say.

Round garters had gone out. No, that wouldn't do!

The five-in-one pantie suit. . . . Oh, heavens!

"What's the matter?" asked Jan. "You're getting awfully red."

"Am—am I?" said Andrew.

He had to fall back then upon the support of science. Science had never failed him. "In regard to goniac angles—" he began desperately. He had no idea how he was going to finish.

Jan laughed a little queerly. "What are goniac angles, anyway? You're always talking about them. Do you remember that very first day there in the office . . . ?"

He was glad to see the girl showing a scientific interest at last.

"Why, they're right here," he said, "at the sides of the jaw." He put his hands up to his face to show the position. "Mine are not so prominent. In a very long-headed person—"

"Are you very long-headed?"

"Oh, yes. Very. My cephalic index—"

"I should have said in some ways you were just a bit *thick-headed*," said Jan pertly.

He was surprised that she did not know the meaning of these elementary terms. "The length of the skull," he said, going round to her side of the table to show her better, "is measured from here to here. The thickness—" He leaned down to demonstrate, so that he found his fingers in Jan's thick curling hair, her cheeks between his palms. And as he did so he noticed a warmth and tingling in his fingertips that he had never felt before even when he handled the most perfectly preserved Maya skull in the Sanbrielle collection. It confused him.

"What were you going to say?" asked Jan.

"I—I don't know," said Andrew truthfully. He said the first thing that came into his head. "Sometimes I wonder," said Andrew, "if the modern disharmonic type *is* a survival of the ancient Cro-Magnons."

Jan Malory jerked her head away. "I'll be late," she said.

All the way back to the museum Jan was silent; she seemed more worried than was necessary about being on time. As Andrew held the door for her he saw that there were actually tears in her eyes. Perhaps she had not understood now what he meant about the Cro-Magnons. . . .

"The Cro-Magnons were a very superior race—" he began.

"Oh, let me alone—do," said Jan Malory, brushing past him.

Andrew Kane went on into his own office, completely puzzled. Within he could hear Mr. Shippenwaite, whistling softly that little tuneless tune of his. . . . A scrap of talk before the door was closed.

"Well, what do *you* think of young Kane?" asked Mr. Shippenwaite.

Jan jerked off her typewriter cover with a slap. "I think he's perfectly inhuman," said Jan Malory.

Mr. Shippenwaite whistled softly between his teeth.

"All ready, Miss Malory," he said. "Take a letter."

It was that very letter that Andrew slit open the next morning over his breakfast muffins. Mr. Shippenwaite was sorry to have to say that he did not feel that he could recommend Mr. Kane for the appointment under the Copplehammer Foundation. The neat black lines of typing teetered before Andrew's eyes, bobbing up half sentences. Undoubted scientific ability. . . . Perhaps less experienced in human contacts. . . . Administrative post, not merely scientific. . . . Ability to get on with people essential. . . .

Andrew pushed away the plate of muffins.

The next long day and endless night were the worst that Andrew Kane had ever spent. He was a failure. Mark Gibbon would have the appointment.

Andrew was worse than a failure. He was a fool—a blithering, dithering, doddering, scientific fool. That's what he was. So he didn't get on with people, didn't he? Well, he didn't. That was the truth. Look how he'd got on with Jan Malory. Tried to say something pleasant, and all he could think of was about her goniac angles. Told her she reminded him of a Cro-Magnon and made her cry. No wonder she liked Mark Gibbon better. A man that would tell a girl like Jan Malory that she reminded him of a Cro-Magnon ought to be tied up in a sack and drowned. That was the second stage.

In the third stage Andrew was aware of being hungry. He went out and ordered himself a large meal, beginning with eggs like a breakfast, and ending with roast beef and potatoes and salad and apple pie and ice cream, and when he had finished he felt better. After all, one failure does not make a lifetime. He'd show Mr. Shippenwaite yet. He'd show Jan Malory. . . .

At first the details were rather vague. The main thing, of course, was to make a mark in science in spite of the Copplehammer Foundation. And then he would come back and he would say to Jan. . . . He never quite put it into words, what he was going to say to her.

Along about tea time Andrew had an inspiration: Billings.

Andrew went to see Billings right then and stayed until after midnight. Nobody knows exactly what was said, because nobody else was there, but when Andrew went away he left Billings for the first time in his life feeling like the big, bold, brave man he had always wanted to be. He was going with Andrew Kane to Yucatan. People had never asked Billings to go too when they asked him to put up money.

THE next morning Andrew was plunged into a thousand-odd details. There was his report to finish. There was the kit to gather. There was the passage to arrange for. He and Billings would sail at five on the afternoon of the twelfth. Especially there was Billings' mind to be kept made up.

Some mysterious friend of his kept suggesting unpleasant details: travel in Yucatan was very dangerous; there was fever there; Andrew Kane did not know as much as he thought he did; he had had trouble with the native guides. . . . Every day or two Andrew had the whole thing to go over again. Sometimes he wondered. . . .

Finally there were his farewells at the Sanbrielle Museum. They were a little hurried at the end because of a last scene with Billings, who suddenly

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feared that he might not be able to go to the boat in time to sail. Farewells were a little difficult too, under all the circumstances.

Nevertheless when Andrew ran up the steps of the museum that afternoon and hurried down the corridor he held his chin exactly as high as he had on that first June morning when he came from Yucatan—and not a bit higher. He was just cordial enough to Mr. Shippenwaite and not too cordial. He nodded to the little stenographers. He even shook hands with Mark Gibbon, whom he found in Mr. Shippenwaite's office. Mark Gibbon slapped him on the back, but he looked at Andrew with a slightly unpleasant leer before he climbed down off the table and went out. Presently Andrew left Mr. Shippenwaite—who was whistling a little between his teeth and looking very thoughtful—and went out too. There was just enough time left to say good-by to Jan Malory and to catch the boat at five. He pushed open the door into her office.

ON THE threshold he stopped. At the far end of the room Jan Malory stood in the circle of Mark Gibbon's arms; her hands were against his shoulders, and her head bent back so that she looked up at him and saw nothing else. Through the high windows the yellow light of afternoon poured down on her lifted face: little tilted nose, little firm tilted chin, shadow of dark lashes on flushed cheeks, red, red lips. . . .

Inside Andrew something seemed to whirl around and snap. He caught his breath deeply, so that the sound seemed loud in the still room—but Jan Malory did not turn. A trembling took him. And then suddenly he saw what he had not seen at first: Jan was not clinging to Mark Gibbon at all; she was pushing him away. Andrew cried out sharply.

"Jan!" he cried. And he went striding down the office—running to reach her quickly. And in Andrew at that moment there was not one whit of scientist. He was just plain man.

Afterward Andrew was not quite sure what he did about Mark Gibbon. He thought that he must have just brushed him aside, as one brushes aside an insect. Anyhow, afterward, he was gone.

But at the time Andrew was aware only of the warmth of Jan's small, quivering shoulders as his arms went round her. He held her tight. Tight. He caught her right up, so that her feet left the floor. She was so very little.

Jan, after all, was the first to speak:

"You—you'll miss your boat."

"What boat?" said Andrew vaguely.

The sound of his own voice brought him speech. "You *don't* love him, do you?" he cried. "Say you don't."

"I don't," said Jan obediently. "I love you."

"I've always loved you," cried Andrew. "Always . . ." he broke off. "I know I've no right to ask you now. No prospects. I meant to wait. . . ."

Jan Malory stopped him. "You're going to have the Copplehammer appointment—*now*," she said. "Mark Gibbon lost his chance. He's crooked. Worked against you with Billings. I got it all out of him one night. Of course now you'll just get Billings to put his funds into the Copplehammer Foundation. Mr. Shippenwaite was awfully excited when he found you'd done what everyone else had tried to do with Billings—and couldn't."

"Mr. Shippenwaite?" repeated Andrew vaguely.

"Yes," said Jan. "You see, at first he thought you weren't quite *human* enough. It was my fault—something I said I didn't mean. But then I just told him you were the humanest man I know, and I could prove it, because you were going to marry me. And then—oh, Andrew, then I was afraid I couldn't make you ask me *quick* enough."

It was long afterward before Andrew understood the full significance of what Jan Malory said. At the time he did not hear a word of it. He was kissing her little mesorrhin nose and both of her goniac angles.

"You'll be an October bride," he was saying, "and wear very short white satin, with a very long train and tight sleeves. And—and *not* round garters."

A Little Bit Extra

Continued from page 19

about a good deal to find the correct hand covering for an important costume, but today the right glove doesn't take a moment's thought.

There is one type that is suitable for all ordinary occasions: a pull-on washable suède or chamois glove with no trimming whatsoever. It can be purchased in delicate neutral shades and in the middle values of brown and beige for winter wear.

For formal occasions the same type in white glacé kid is procurable.

The fit of a glove is important. Don't buy too large a size to allow for shrinking. They come out from the water about the same size that they go in.

A dip in warm soapsuds, a whisk or two of the nail brush, a rinse in soapy or non-soapy water, a pinch in the bath towel, one blow in each, and your gloves are clean in less time than it takes to describe it.

The cotton chamois glove of exactly the same type may be substituted for common wear.

Hand bags are as hard a problem as gloves are easy.

It is very, very easy to buy too cheap a hand bag. Never buy one that looks cheap on the INSIDE. This is the telltale part of a bag. Avoid bags with light linings if they are to have hard service. Wood-brown or medium gray are the best colors for general wear. The quality of the lining is the next important item. Mercerized linings look cheap and wear badly. The wisest choice is a leather lining—real leather, not an imitation papier-mâché. This will remain fresh-looking through at least a year of ordinary everyday usage.

You must remember in buying good bags to choose a style that is not extreme. It's bound to be better taste, and you and your friends will not grow tired of it.

If the little change purse is stitched to the back wall of the purse, it is a cheap-looking purse and an inconvenient one.

When the change purse is lined with white kid that bag belongs to the aristocracy.

I have already pointed out that the color of the lining is important and that the best color for the greatest number of costumes is a tan or gray that blends with the hose and gloves.

Pick the Right Leather!

THE exterior of the shopping purse should be leather. The best wearing leather is pigskin. It grows darker as it is used.

The most elegant-looking leather is pin seal, but it wears badly.

Ostrich leather is a charming color for brown costumes, and lizard makes an interesting contrast with brown, blue or green.

Deerskin and antelope are popular. The antelope is made up into pouch bags and is exceedingly smart with a matching or harmonious antelope glove (antelope looks like a refined suède). The large tortoise-shell tops are smart and pleasing. A great deal of attention just now is given to the clasp, which may be of a semiprecious stone set with exquisite craftsmanship.

For evening and formal use there are small velvet bags and gold kid as well as delicate gold bead bags and small ones incrusted with rhinestones. The evening bag should always be small.

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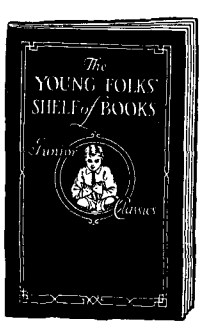

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Collier's
RADIO HOUR

Flash!

Continued from page 14

to a pillow—there is a tale that would have been flashed over every news-carrying line reaching into any corner of the world.

This illustration of what makes news and where was sketched for me by Karl A. Bickel, president of the United Press Association, one of the big news agencies of the world, which serves newspapers in thirty-seven different countries with news from all over the globe.

"The unhappy plight of the fictitious Mr. Oomblatz," he said, "directly affected but few people even in Galesburg. But it was a big story in Galesburg because most of the people knew Mr. Oomblatz at least by sight or by reputation or they knew his store, and consequently any news of him meant something real to them. But it would be silly to try to interest newspaper readers elsewhere, except for a passing reference in Chicago papers to the incident.

"However, as soon as you introduce a figure in whom the public generally is interested, the story becomes worth spreading more widely. And when you go further and drag in President Coolidge, Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin or the Prince of Wales you have a story to tell to people all over the world.

"The most interesting person in the world to anyone is himself. If you can't read something about yourself, you want to read about someone you know either personally or by reputation.

"Speaking very generally, the subjects next in importance from the standpoint of news are women, money and clothes—and in that order. Women are always interesting, even to other women. Money—'How much has he got?' 'How much did he leave?'—the formula never fails."

"Yes—but clothes?"

"Clothes? Just let the women of Paris begin wearing their skirts within two inches of their shoe tops and we'll open all our wires to the news. 'How was she dressed?'—there's a question which arises whenever any woman is in the limelight. A recent instance of this was the fact that when Lindbergh was welcomed in Washington we sent out generously long separate stories detailing the costumes worn by Mrs. Coolidge and Mrs. Lindbergh at the reception.

"And do you remember how widely printed was the story of how the President donned chaps and a cowboy hat?

"Personalities always make news. In fact, they make most of our news. And never before in my news experience has the world been so short of interesting personalities."

These are the people whose doings—even trivial ones—are of interest the world over, according to a list which Mr. Bickel checked off, explaining that the order didn't mean anything:

Henry Ford, Thomas Edison, Mussolini, Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, the Prince of Wales, the President of the United States (because of his job and regardless of his personality), the Pope (again regardless of his personality), Mrs. Coolidge (both because she is the First Lady of the Land and because of her personality).

"How about the King of England?"

"No," said Mr. Bickel, "the Prince blankets the King.

"With the exception of motion-picture stars, who have such great forces for publicity behind them, Edison and Ford are the most interesting American personalities where foreigners are concerned.

"I can begin a story in Russia or anywhere else with 'Henry Ford told me—' and instantly my listeners are all attention. Edison has caught the imagination of the world because of his achievements; Ford because his story is so simple. There are no involved financial deals in it, so far as the public is concerned. He merely made a product that everyone wanted and made it cheaply and well. Anyone might do the same—see the old 'I' again!"

Now, you may very well ask how this man or his organization can arbitrarily discriminate between what is interesting and what is not. And where. It's simple enough. Mr. Bickel explains:

"We're in the business of importing and exporting news—just as the Standard Oil Company is in the business of importing and exporting commodities. And we use the same yardstick: the ultimate consumer. Years of feeding out news to newspapers in thirty-seven different countries, watching the 'play' it gets—that is, seeing how it is handled by various clients—acting on telegraphed requests to 'let's have all you can on this,' 'give us less of that,' have taught us the business of merchandising news."

Truth is Hard to Find

YOU'VE already had a glimpse of the mechanics of how a news agency gathers and distributes routine news, but you can get a clearer idea by listening to the story of how the United Press covered the story of Byrd's transatlantic flight.

There's probably no more difficult thing in the world to cover than a transatlantic flight. Picture scores of correspondents over a wide area reaching up into the clouds and fog, straining for a hint as to the position of an airplane that is pounding its way through space. A rumor from this point; a jumbled, incoherent dispatch from that. Small wonder the system sometimes falls down under the strain and gives us false reports.

That Thursday night while Byrd and his mates were still roaring through the jealous fog off the French coast, for instance, several newspapers in this country went to press on a false rumor, sent them as fact, that the flyers had safely landed at Issy les Moulineaux.

The United Press cabled over to this country, and sent out on its wires the news that there was a rumor of the landing but was careful to characterize it as a decidedly doubtful rumor. This was because that organization had impressed upon its correspondents that the Byrd landing could not be announced to the world until it had been confirmed.

"You see," Mr. Bickel explained, "South America had been wrought up over aviation for more than two years before Lindbergh. And as we serve 96 per cent of the daily newspapers down there, we had had to develop a technique for covering flights that would not break down. We had learned that it wasn't safe to flash a landing until the plane had been positively identified.

"When Byrd took off we had arranged for correspondents all along the French coast from Dunkirk to Biarritz and of course on the British Isles. We had men in Paris and at Le Bourget, where the America was expected to land. We chartered a radio station to strain its electric ears through the ether for messages from the plane itself. There were correspondents along the route to Paris from Cherbourg and Havre. We had a fast motor car and an airplane ready at Le Bourget to rush U. P. men to any spot where Byrd might land.

"Early in the evening the last definite word from Byrd was a radio message to the effect that his compass was working badly and that he was lost in the fog. After that: silence.

"About seven o'clock (New York time)—this was on June 30th—Roosevelt Field, L. I., got a false report that Byrd had landed at Paris. We didn't send that out, although two New York evening newspapers went to press with the misinformation. There were ample reasons to doubt the accuracy of the dispatch, and its falsity was soon shown.

"Then—more silence. At last, about 9 o'clock New York time, there came over the wires of many newspapers a flash, unqualified, that Byrd and his companions had landed at Issy les Moulineaux, a suburb of Paris. Within 49 minutes of the receipt of this false report in New York we had been able to disprove it.

"When news of Byrd's forced landing off Ver-sur-Mer finally came through the gendarmerie in the north of France, two United Press men sped to the scene by airplane and obtained Byrd's own story of his great adventure, which was rushed to the waiting world. But they hadn't 'said it until they'd seen it.'

"Truth is the hardest thing in the world to get at, sometimes. But it's easier in America than it is in Europe. In Europe and Asia certain governments subsidize or maintain their own news agencies. They give such agencies special and discriminatory privileges, such as advance information on governmental news, faster facilities on government-operated telephone and telegraph lines, lower rates and similar concessions. They do this in order to facilitate the transmission of news material of such a character as they want to see transmitted.

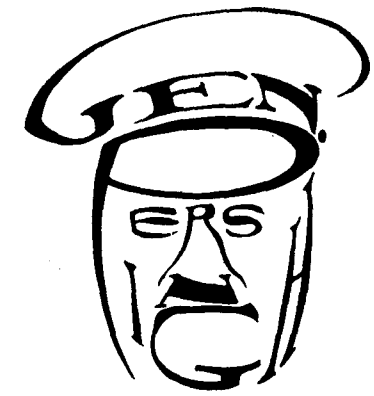
"Naturally, if you rely on such biased agencies as news sources you may perhaps without your knowledge and certainly without your intent find yourself in a position where you can't play fair with your clients. That's why the United Press remains completely and absolutely independent of any 'official' or governmentally subsidized or maintained news services."

I asked for some examples of recent stories that were "perfect" from the newspaper standpoint. Mr. Bickel offered the trapping and death of Floyd Collins in that Kentucky cave as one.

"It had suspense up to its last moments," he said. "But perhaps the most perfect news story that broke recently was the Aimee McPherson disappearance and return. There you had a story with mystery, religion and love elements. What more could any editor ask?

"Incidentally, people are becoming more and more interested in news stories of religious activities. Not that they're becoming more religious—but all the battles between the fundamentalists and the modernists, the pro- and anti-evolutionists, have aroused their interest in these subjects. Personalities at work again. Between pages of the Bible and of textbooks these things didn't stir up any excitement, but get such personalities as the late William Jennings Bryan, Clarence Darrow, John Roach Straton and others arguing and the human-interest side is evident and the public begins to prick up its ears.

"Food also engages widespread popular interest, equal to if not greater than the interest in religion. The story of the President's breakfasts of buckwheat cakes and sausages was widely circulated. We used to stress cost, but not any more. Readers are more interested nowadays in what is correct than in what is cheap."



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The Barking Dogs

Continued from page 12

the other side of the hedge!" Stopford whispered.

"Perhaps. Listen."

The uproar prevailed for fully five minutes. Then, as if obeying definite, mysterious canine orders, the pack broke out of cover and went racing from moonlight into shadow, around the angle of the house from which they had come.

"False alarm," Stopford murmured.

"I don't think so," said Roscoe. "I think someone has drawn them off on a false scent."

"Eh? You're makin' me jumpy! Although your window's wide open, there's no chance of anybody gettin' at you, that I can see."

"It would seem so," Roscoe admitted. "Probably you have forgotten that it was a similar outbreak of the dogs which awakened June Sutton one night last week?"

"What's the connection?"

"May be none. Armitage's death has possibly spoiled their plans. Or Head Center may suspect, though he can't know, that June saw what was under her pillow before it was removed."

"Before it was—gad! Got you! You think Armitage was coverin' her room for that very purpose?"

"There's only one other person in the house tonight, Stoppy, who may have the job!"

Stopford was silent. But the charming image of Madame Czerna leaped before his mind's eye.

"Yet—I don't understand," he muttered.

"Don't try to. Be quiet—and listen."

There was silence in the room. A faint breeze, salt from the Sound, disturbed the leaves and refreshed the hot, still air. . . .

"D'you hear it?" Roscoe whispered.

A curious sibilant sound made itself audible.

The odd sibilance continued.

"We shall have to take the chance," Roscoe whispered. "But if you flash too soon, it will ruin everything."

The odd rustling continued.

"Any moment now," Roscoe muttered. "Stand by."

Stopford grasped the electric torch with which Roscoe had armed him.

"Now!" Roscoe snapped. "On to the pillow!"

There was a faint click in the darkness, and a disk of white light appeared upon the pillow where Roscoe's head might have lain.

"Hell!" Roscoe began.

"Merciful heaven!" Stopford whispered in strange contrast; and the light wavered momentarily.

A HIDEOUS thing had crept over the edge of the lighted circle . . . a black thing which now raced about feverishly as if looking for something. It was a spider, with a queerly swollen body, possessing a wasplike waist and hairy, active legs.

Roscoe sprang forward, arm upraised. He brought down the heavy heel of a golfing shoe upon the black horror—once! The softness of the pillow aiding, it still moved. Twice! The nauseous insect remained intact. But it lay still.

"Wait! Keep the light on it!"

Roscoe raced into the bathroom, to return in a moment with a glass. He clapped it over the spider, and:

"Hold it down!" he cried. "Tight, for your life! Switch the torch off! Do you hear it?"

The sibilant sound was audible again!

Roscoe stepped to the open window, moving his hands all about questioningly. Suddenly he found what he sought . . . a tightly stretched strand of silk!

Even as he grasped it the strand was drawn through his fingers; the soft sound ceased; and the silken end shot out into the night. But, roughly, he had gauged the direction in which it was being drawn. Craning out, revolver in hand, he fired shot after shot into the boughs of one of the tall trees starting up from the distant shrubbery.

Pandemonium awakened. Police whistles sounded remotely. The dogs swept into view. There was uproar in the house. As Roscoe jumped to the switch and the room became flooded with light, Regan burst in, followed by Dr. Cross.

"Hold fast, Stopford!" Roscoe cried, ignoring their excited inquiries.

He grabbed a photograph from the mantelpiece, tore it from its frame, and slipped the board under the glass.

"This is in your province, Cross?" said Stopford rather breathlessly. "You're a tropical man."

"Yes," said the other—"it is. It's an hourglass spider, an unusually large specimen." He shuddered. "It belongs out East. It's the only insect of its size whose bite is certainly fatal. Its victims swell up in a horrible way. . . ."

"D'you see, Stopford?" cried Roscoe.

He jerked the pillow from the bed. Pinned at the back of it, in such a manner as to be invisible to the unconscious sleeper, was a wooden reel!

"But—June!" Stopford exclaimed. "Why should they want to—"

"They didn't!" Roscoe interrupted. "That was a *rehearsal!* Probably an ordinary garden spider was used on that occasion—to test the bridge. But tonight, having got me planted where they wanted me, they sent this black death across! Armitage had just completed the connection when the dogs reached him!"

A dozen voices began to speak at once. The dogs below were behaving madly. Ned Regan turned and thrust his way through the knot of excited people in the doorway.

TICK—TICK! *Ticker—Ticker—Tick—Tick!*

Madame Czerna shuddered and drew her wrap more closely about her shoulders. Through the open window came the wild chorus of the wolf hounds, racing madly from point to point of the grounds. The house resounded with hysterical voices and hurrying footsteps. Her door alone remained closed and locked.

She bent over the tiny, exquisite instrument contained in a manicure case.

"H. Q.," came over in Morse. "Head Center. Make your report quickly."

"Zone 2A," she signaled back. Her fingers were very unsteady. "Unable to move. Stop. Suspected. Stop. Shots fired Roscoe's room. No other information. Await orders. Report ends."

"Conceal badge," came a message in reply. "Be on guard. Stop. Conceal instrument. Stop. Report . . ."

The head of a hatchet crashed through the panel of the door. A strong, hairy hand reached down and turned the key. The door was thrown open—and Ned Regan came in!

Madame Czerna leaped up.

"Ah!" Regan growled. "Thought so! I heard the Morse, my dear!"

He came forward.

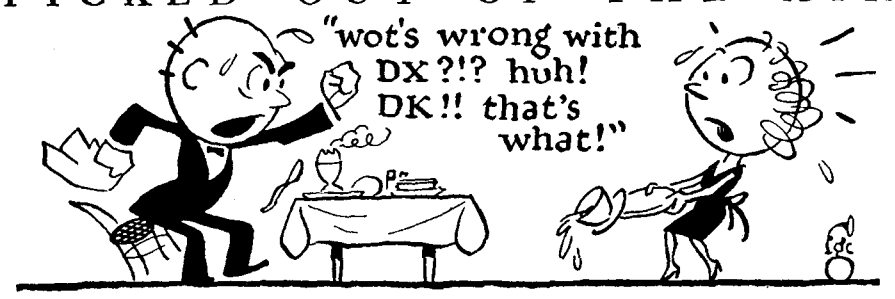
"Madame Czerna," he said gruffly—"or whatever your real name is—you're under arrest for complicity in the attempted murder of Commander Drake Roscoe."

The busy ticking had ceased. Echoing weirdly over the night waters of the Sound came the dense throb of an airplane propeller.

Madame Czerna, her beautiful face deathly pale, sank back into the chair from which she had arisen.

The next story of the Emperor of America series by Sax Rohmer will appear in an early issue

PICKED OUT OF THE AIR



By Jack Binns

What's wrong with DX?

"AS YOU probably know, Monday is 'Silent Night' in Chicago," writes Tom Harrison. "It was arranged because the fans demanded one night a week for DX. It seems a waste of time to me though, because, somehow, the distant stations come in with more noise than they used to, and programs are not nearly so good."

Much as I dislike to disagree, Tom, I think your conclusion is wrong. The distant stations are better than they used to be, but it is quite true they do not seem to be. The reason for this paradox is quite simple. The improvement in stations has been twofold—first, in the quality of transmission as well as the material broadcast, and, second, a general increase in power that brings them into the loud speaker (locally) far above the general noise level.

A short time ago stations only used up to 500 watts. Then it was that outside noises, including various kinds of static, came in with the program from local as well as distant stations. This meant there was not much difference between distant and local reception. The whole art of broadcasting was so novel then that we were entirely satisfied with the results. During the past year we have been educated up to such a pitch by transmission improvements that noise with distant stations stands out more and impresses us more forcibly, so that in comparison with local stations we think it is rotten and come to the conclusion that DX reception has deteriorated when as a matter of fact it was never so good.

Weighty Interference

A STREET car often causes interference in a near-by radio set, but George Hemstreet of Atlanta comes along with a new one. In his letter he says:

"My set works fine normally, but every time a big automobile truck passes in front of the house I get a terrible racket in my loud speaker. It doesn't matter what station I am listening to the result is the same. I don't notice it when ordinary automobiles go by. What do you think is the matter?"

It is quite evident from your description, George, that you have a loose connection in your set. It also seems quite clear that this looseness is going to be hard to find since it requires the heavy vibration of a big truck to shake it. In all probability you will find it on one of the tube sockets. I would suggest that you have the set examined by a good service man because you will never get good reception as long as the condition exists.

Exit the Spark

WHATEVER else the third international radio convention may have accomplished, its decree abolishing spark transmitters after January 1, 1940, for anything but distress calls will mark it as one of the outstanding conferences in history.

It is important because most of the delegates, with the exception of the United States, have plenary powers. This means that the decree will be enforced especially as this country is in favor of it.

There is probably no greater man-made source of interference than the spark transmitter. The most selective set ever made cannot keep a spark signal out, except where both distance and great separation in wave length are concerned. It is this penetrating quality that makes the spark so valuable for distress purposes, although it is an unmitigated nuisance in every other respect.

In the old days, around congested harbors, it often took hours to send a single message because of interference caused by so many spark stations operating simultaneously.

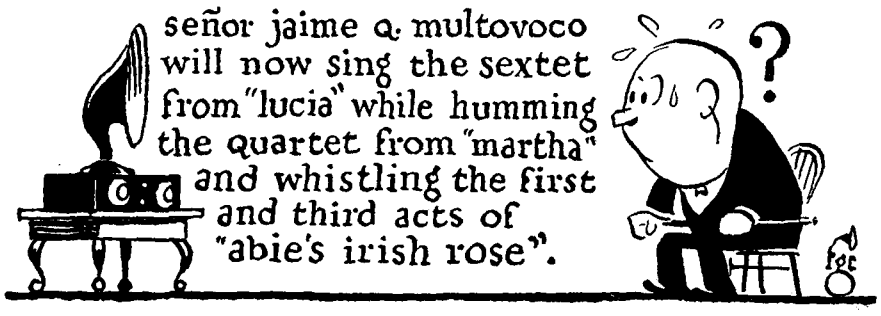
Many broadcast listeners will grumble at the length of time that will elapse before the order goes into effect. They should remember that it will require an investment of many millions of dollars to replace the spark equipment with more modern apparatus, and twelve years is not too much time to absorb the cost.

The important thing is that in view of the definite time limit already set the communication and shipping companies will start the work of replacement immediately, so there will be an increasingly great reduction in the amount of spark interference each year from now on.

One-Man Choir

Over in England they have among their radio artists a singer named Strath McKay who is gifted with a triple voice. He can sing tenor and bass simultaneously while uttering a third tone.

It must sound great when Strath gets into an argument with himself.


señor jaime q. multovoco will now sing the sextet from "lucia" while humming the quartet from "martha" and whistling the first and third acts of "abie's irish rose".

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Now You Tell One

Continued from page 13

few comedians who possess that supreme theatrical gift of "making 'em up" as they go along. Will Rogers is undoubtedly the greatest ad lib monologuist that ever existed. I have known him to ad lib a complete twenty-minute monologue with more success than many carefully rehearsed acts.

Rogers is at his best with some celebrity in the house. One of his prize lines was delivered to President Coolidge at the time of their introduction. After the social amenities had been observed and the two were shaking hands, Rogers leaned forward confidentially.

"Beg pardon," he said in a stage whisper, "but I didn't quite catch the name."

On the opening night of this year's Follies I was fortunate enough to deliver one of those ad lib gags that rocked the house. On my first entrance, I was greeted with what my press agent will swear was a tremendous reception. When the applause had subsided I nodded my head confirmingly and said, "I knew I was working too cheap."

I do not believe there is such a thing as a humor belt in this country. That is to say, there is no particular section in which the sense of humor is more finely developed than anywhere else. If a joke is good, it will go anywhere. Stories peculiar to a particular race or class of people are neither helped nor hindered by that fact. They are only good if they are intrinsically funny. In other words, although there appears to be a vogue in Jewish stories, the fact remains that a first-class Peruvian story is far better than a third-rate Jewish one.

To illustrate this point, I cite an experience of mine that happened about fifteen years ago. At that time I was playing the People's Vaudeville Circuit, a small-time outfit that had four theatres to be played every two weeks. Not wanting to change my act as often as this, I solved the problem by doing exactly the same routine in four different dialects. First I used black-face, then Dutch, Jewish and Rube. As far as my ear could detect, there was never any difference in the manner in which the act was received.

There are some occasions, however, when I change my material for the benefit of certain audiences. The mind of a comedian becomes a catalogue for jokes affecting every class of people. Whenever I face an audience representative of a certain industry or profession, I switch to all the gags in my repertoire pertaining to their vocation.

Is There a National Joke?

I OBSERVED this rule once while playing Columbus, Ohio, when the entire orchestra floor had been bought out by an insurance company. I pleased the policy sellers so much that the next day sixteen of them stormed the stage door to sell me insurance!

Twenty per cent of most matinée audiences are composed of children, and for that reason I always strive to eliminate any subtle or sophisticated stuff at these performances. I will willingly take a chance with the rest of the audience, provided I can give the kids a good laugh.

I have often been asked if there is such a thing as the great American joke. That is to say, is there one specific type of story that tickles the national humorous sense more than any other? I think there is. The American public keenly relishes a tale that makes the teller the goat. I have never failed to win laughs when I made myself the victim of hard luck, particularly physical discomfort. This is largely because physical comedy is the common denominator of humor. A college professor and a deaf-and-dumb mute sitting side by side will both laugh at a gag that depends on its physical action.

The success of some of my sketches has hung solely upon my ability to take punishment. One that I recall was a burlesque osteopathic treatment in which I was hurled about the stage with as much consideration as a towel in a Turkish bath. But we got the laughs, so I didn't mind the bruises and carried on through the entire season. However, I did think that the producer should have paid my osteopath's bills, as I was compelled to visit one every week to have the sore spots removed.

Timeliness is a great factor in enhancing the quality of a joke. If two stories are of equal merit, the one that deals with some topic of the day will be three times as successful as the other. I consider that the best story I ever told contained this element of timeliness.

It was at the time that the late President Wilson's trips to and from Paris were causing much comment. The newspapers conducted a great pro and con Wilson controversy. The late President's name was on every tongue. And I cornered the laugh market with the line, "Presidents may come and Presidents may go—but Wilson does both."

Possibly the most nearly perfect illustration of the timely joke was the one that I used twenty-four hours after President Coolidge had issued the now famous pronouncement that he did not choose to run.

While I was on the stage that night, Andrew Tombes, a fellow comedian, said to me, "You better hurry, Eddie; you're late."

I walked slowly across the stage.

"Hurry," admonished Tombes.

"I do not choose to run," I replied with burlesque dignity.

This in itself was not funny, but it so aptly paraphrased a topic of the day that it drew a big laugh.

The battle of obtaining laughs is by no means won when you have invented your jokes. There is more to the technique of telling a story than simply walking on a stage and letting fly a half dozen quips at random.

First you must watch carefully your enunciation. Many a good line has been ruined because of an actor's failure to speak distinctly. Then, too, there is that first commandment of the theatre, that must be strictly observed: "Wait for the laugh." This is largely a matter of timing, which becomes most difficult when telling a subtle story, the point of which all the audience do not see at the same time. On a story of this type—always provided it is good—there will first be a chuckle, then a laugh, and then a roar. The amateur, thinking the first chuckle is the whole laugh, will continue immediately with his next line, and the laugh which comes will drown his ensuing joke. How many times at the theatre have you heard the query, "What did he say?"

Still Waiting for This Laugh

THIS question is always prompted by the actor's talking into a laugh.

The "cross" is another thing that the amateur disregards. To cross is to turn and walk across the stage during or upon the completion of a line. It is difficult to explain why this aids a laugh, nevertheless it is so. A perfectly timed cross releases the attention of the audience from the actor, permitting them to laugh more freely; furthermore, it gives the actor something to do while the laugh is in evidence. It is not at all simple to stand absolutely still on a stage, even for a few seconds.

The true comedian must also know when to talk fast and when to talk slowly. Different lines call for different treatment. Apropos of this, I remember my entrance in Kid Boots. I would rush on the stage, commence running to and fro, swinging on the wings, jumping up and down, and acting generally like a lad trying to land a berth in the psychopathic ward. When asked what the matter was, I would reply, "I've just bought a second-hand watch, and this is the only way I can keep it going."

Now, this line had to be delivered almost as fast as I could speak. First, because it was naturally a line that demanded this delivery and, second, because I had established a certain tempo with my antics which would be let down by a slow rendition. One evening, when feeling a little weary, I dropped my delivery to a Moran and Mack speed. I am still waiting for that laugh.

Most people fail to be good storytellers because they fail to realize that there are as many rules in this line as there are in contract bridge. A few of the more simple rules are printed at the head of this article.

If the amateur jester would master them, that occasional after-dinner speech would become a pleasure instead of an ordeal.

No matter how sophisticated or jaded a jongleur may become, there is always that exquisite thrill that comes when the crackle of honestly earned laughter invades the eardrum.

It is sweeter music than the Ninth Symphony to the natural comedian, be the comedian the star on Broadway, the six-a-day vaudevillian, or the master of ceremonies at the Annual Elks' Minstrel of Chillicothe, Ohio.

If my idea of heaven is realized, Gabriel will sound a tremendous blast on his horn summoning all those that have been, that are and that will be. And I shall be permitted to tell a few stories or sing a few songs. Then, if I am, in my humble way, successful, I shall hear Gabriel's golden voice transcending the crashing laughter of the multitude, saying, "Eddie, old boy, that's a good one."

(After looking this article over, it occurs to me that I have been hitting that first-person-singular pronoun almost as much as Bernard Shaw, another writer. I realize that egotism is the worst form of "I" trouble, and there are only two reasons to explain my constant use of the capital I. Either it was absolutely necessary to the story or else I am very fond of Eddie Cantor. Well, it seems to me that it was quite essential to the article, and, at that, I really do think that Cantor's a pretty good guy.—E. C.)

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The Water Hole

Continued from page 21

kidnapped Philip," she said very low and clear.

Endicott threw up his hands.

"Holy Mackali!" he gasped.

Judy closed and locked the door. The drawing-room was dark. She turned on the light. Randolph was breathing hard. He had been dazed if not stunned. There was grime on his face and a little blood. The bruise Ray had left over his eye, and which had not wholly disappeared, had been raised again. Judy darted to wet her handkerchief. She wiped his face—bathed his forehead. She had told that ruffian Dick not to be gentle. Remorse smote her. Suddenly she touched Philip's face.

HE WAS staring with eyes that appeared about to start from his head. He grasped her with shaking hands. He gaped at the car window and the lights flashing by. Then he seemed to realize what had happened.

"They threw me on the train," he burst out incredulously.

Judy rose to stand before him.

"You—you—"

"Yes, I've kidnapped you," she interrupted.

"Judy! Judy! Could you carry revenge so far? Oh, how cruel! You pitiless woman!"

He fell face down on the cushion.

"Philip," she called, trying to stay the trembling hands that leaped toward him.

When he did not look or speak she went on softly:

"Phil!"

No response. Her head fluttered to his shoulder.

"Husband!"

At that his haggard face lifted and his terrible eyes stared as if they had been those of a man who knew not what he saw.

"I have kidnapped you—yes—*forever!*"

He fell on his knees to clasp her waist with plucking hands.

"Judy—if I am not drunk or mad—make me understand," he implored.

She locked her hands behind his head. "Indeed you are hard to convince. Have we not been married? Are you not my captive on this train? Is this not the eve of our honeymoon?"

"It's too good—to be true," he replied huskily. "I can't believe."

She bent to kiss the bruise on his forehead. "Will that do?"

"No!"

Then she kissed his eyes, his cheeks, and lastly, as he seemed rapt and blind, his lips.

"Philip, I love you," she said.

"Oh, my darling, say that again!"

"I love you. I love you. I love you. . . . It was what you did to me. Oh! I confess. I deserved it. I *was* no good—and if not actually bad I was headed for bad. . . . Oh, Philip, you *spanked* some sense into me in time, and your desert changed and won me. I bless you for making me a woman. I will give up what was that idle, useless, wasteful life—and work with you—for you—to make a home for you. . . ."

THE END

A Way with Women

Continued from page 18

said Seumas. "It is Matt Birmingham's vote I'm winning. And maybe it will be necessary for you to make a wedding feast for me before we get it sure."

"What is that you mean?" asked Peter Ryan. "Marrying her?"

"Indeed I will to win her brother's vote for you, Peter," said Seumas.

"But I'll foot no wedding feast," said Cahil, who had grown impatient. Has the woman no food at her house?"

"Ss-sh!" stammered Seumas; but that was late, for Cahil's voice had been lifted and Maggie Birmingham overheard. She slapped the table and shouted as Seumas ran to her. "I'll leave no man insult me," she shouted.

Flaherty soothed her as he could, but ran back quickly to Cahil and Ryan.

"Look you," he told them, "how now you've nearly ruined my work with her. Bring us all the luxuries you have to melt her temper, with that fine Chartreuse from France they say you have, Cahil, that I know she relishes."

And they did so, Seumas reveling until late and walking out to escort Maggie Birmingham home with his arm about her waist, which was a sign as binding almost as the golden ring in those parts.

Ryan and Cahil felt satisfied.

And on the evening when the councilmen met in the court house to poll their votes, these two sat there on the side, and near them Seumas Flaherty with Maggie Birmingham. Judge Carmody was there likewise, moderating.

Myles Murphy voted for the judge, then Roman Tandy for Peter Ryan; Cassidy voted for the judge and Daniel Madigan for Peter Ryan, so it went until the vote stood four to four and Matt Birmingham was the man left to vote.

A murmur ran through the room and Maggie Birmingham went from her seat to whisper something to her brother. Peter Ryan stared hard at Birmingham and Judge Carmody gazed calmly. But Seumas Flaherty leered and put his arm openly about Maggie Birmingham's waist. But Matt Birmingham stood up and said only six words: "My vote is for Judge Carmody."

There was silence, then a cheering and the rush of men to shake hands with the judge. Seumas Flaherty sneaked away; but in the corridor Peter Ryan and Cahil seized him and they had him in another room, which was that of Sergeant Groly's police place, schradding and about to beat him when Judge Carmody came upon them, and back of him Matt Birmingham and his sister.

"It's the printing orders the judge gave him for the public bills, I do believe," Seumas was explaining to Peter Ryan and Cahil that accused him of treachery. Judge Carmody heard these words as he came into the room. He banged the floor with his blackthorn. "Seumas Flaherty," he cried, "it's time for you here and now to make public acknowledgment of your courtship with Maggie Birmingham, which has become notorious with you entertaining her at Cahil's public, as I hear."

"And for that I'll sue him," shouted Cahil. "With nigh twenty pounds due me."

"Peace," bade Judge Carmody. "Speak up, Seumas Flaherty, and make acknowledgment as is the custom."

SEUMAS walked slowly backward where an open door was and nobody near it.

"It isn't courting her, I did," he denied, smirking at the judge and dodging the eyes of Matt and Maggie that were leveled at him. "It was only to win her brother over to you I did it, Judge dear."

"That's a lie!" cried Maggie Birmingham. "I'll take an action!"

And Peter Ryan, roaring, came at Seumas, Matt Birmingham likewise. But Judge Carmody, banging the floor with his blackthorn, smiled and watched Seumas look at other men rushing into the room to see the reason for the uproar, with a woman's shout rising above all. But when order came Seumas Flaherty was not in the place, nor was he seen about Krongale for years after.

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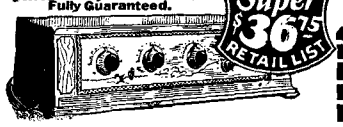

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
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Christmas Day in the Morning

WHEN you think things over on Christmas night, the kids having gone to bed early because you are all tired out, what most means Christmas to you? Is it that huge bright tree in the town square, gayly crowded stores, chorus singing, church chimes, gifts tied with red ribbon? No, indeed: the kindness of weary and hurried people is what lies closest to your heart, along about midnight on the twenty-fifth of December.

But the cards started coming in over a week before that. Severe squares, black heavily engraved on stiff white, that Wish You the Joys of the Season with all the enthusiasm of a trust company announcing the election of J. Getthe Man as Tenth Vice President. Cold upright slabs, gorgeous gilt on marbled white, like a tombstone for the wealthy founder of a bolt and nut works. Stylish oblongs in chaste French gray and artistic lavender shades. Jolly three-for-a-nickel colored postals, any color so it's loud, scrawled on cheerily by young friends who wrote the address their very own selves. Their own spending money too.

People who live in city apartments are apt to send drawings of farmhouses that nestle cozily among tall trees, wood sparks and hearth smoke lifting toward the bright winter stars.

A lawyer's holiday card is sure to be sugary with sentiment. Bankers generally write you a little personal interest note, they being great on the human touch stuff and the principle of the thing.

Day-after-tomorrow people of radical minds load the mails up with missives that sketch the days and ways of long ago. At Christmas time we all get free of ourselves for a little while, the best time in all the year.

But everybody likes and wants those holiday cards. Children really do cry for them. Postmen grin as they trot along with their toppling packs.

Do the Christmas greetings give good will to our letter carriers or is it the other way round? Seems to us it works both ways.

And then the gifts begin to roll in, as we hope they roll in for you and yours this year. It's really too easy. Just have a kid or two around the place and human nature will do the rest.

For whom was the world made anyhow? The stores could tell you right enough, were these benefactors not so busy delivering packages to where they belong, which, these late December days, is not necessarily the same as delivering them to those by whom they were bought.

Where the heart is, the brains are not so close by. Or was it a maker of wall paper who got the idea abroad that children under seven years old specially crave crayons, water colors, brushes, pencils and other tools of destruction?

No furniture factory ever shut down because too many little kids had found hatchets and hammers in their stockings. Did they now?

Gifts are funny, anyhow—what scores a hit and what doesn't. We've seen a rich man's boy pleased to death with some roughly finished home-made hard cookies. These were cut to the approximate shapes of Santa Claus, the Three Wise Men, swans, bears, etc., and touched up with red, green or white frosting.

Sherry's, Maillard's and the Ritz put together couldn't equal those dainties and Princely hung 'em on the tree for his beloved sister.

A hard-boiled man of big business was tickled silly with some fairly good snapshots that his son and daughter took of each other and mounted in wooden frames which they had carved at school.

He kept this simple treasure on his desk and grinned at it daily until the comptroller of the corporation wanted to assault him.

A dozen cases of champagne would not have registered like that.

Our oldest deserted a fifty-dollar electric railway to play under the dripping water spout in a new rubber coat and boots, with a few old tin cans he had salvaged from the trash barrel. All you can say as to gifts was said long ago: "The stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner."

What can you give? Last year the twelve federal reserve banks all over our country figured that more than $100,000,000 in gold was given. And over half that sum was spent or put back in the banks by New Year's Day.

What can you give? Take a poet's advice, the best of all, and give yourself. For the gift without the giver is bare, as good Sir Launfal came to know. The best of Christmas is that more and more of us act on that truth when the holly wreaths go up in windows everywhere. And so, as Tiny Tim observed, "God bless us, every one."

Yule

A STAR hung like a lamp of God
Over a stable bleak and dim
As kings and shepherds slowly trod
To make their prayers to Him.

Beasts of the fields near Bethlehem,
Asses and kine and murmuring sheep,
Went there with men and knelt with them
Before a Child asleep.

The stars we see looked on those kings,
We know the beasts that hovered by;
But stars and beasts are speechless things,
And only men may lie.

Through all the ages, beasts and stars
(While men forget a Child asleep,
In hatreds, wars and worse than wars)
Their holy secret keep.

—J. B. K.

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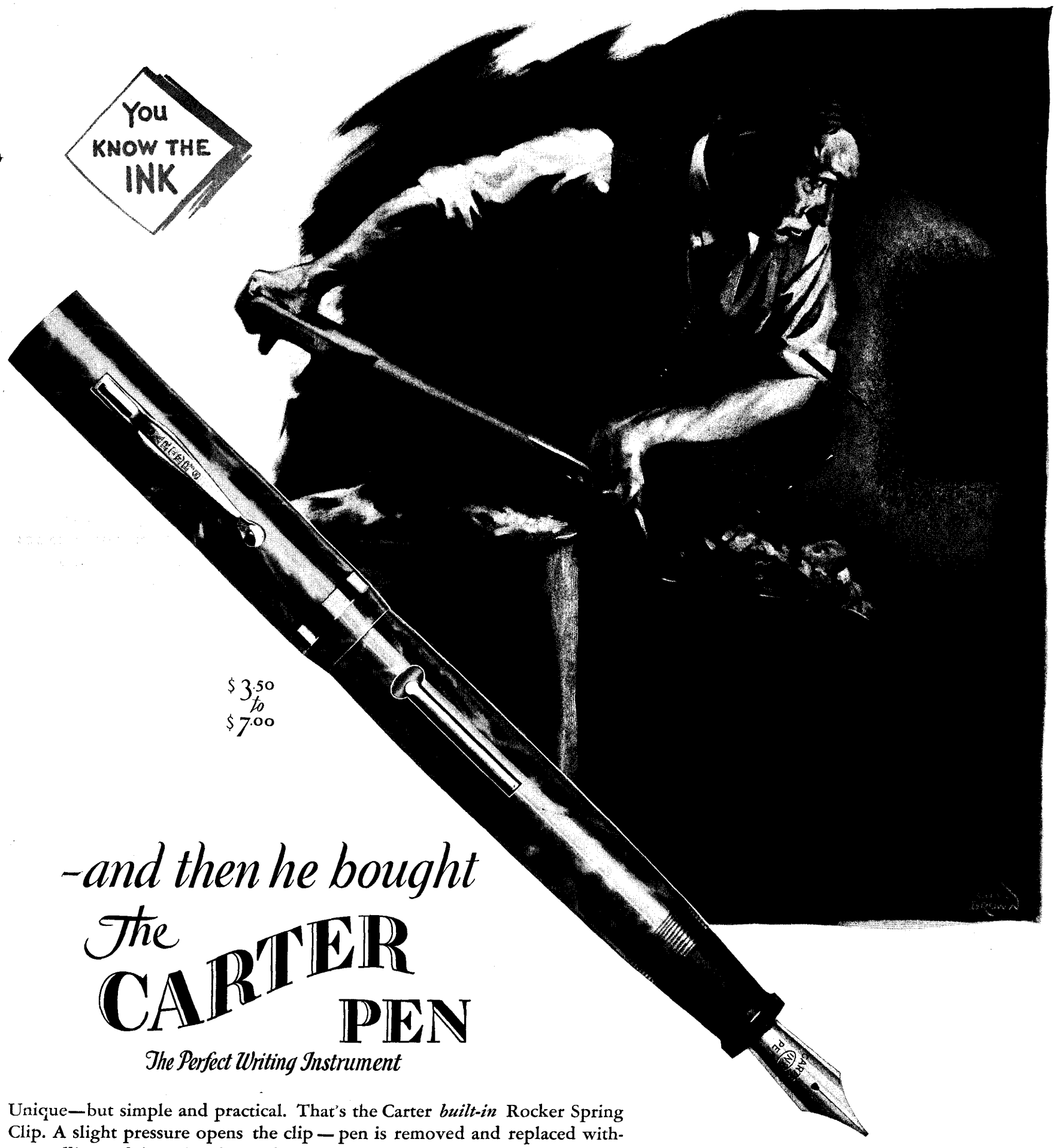

—and then he bought The CARTER PEN

The Perfect Writing Instrument

Unique—but simple and practical. That's the Carter *built-in* Rocker Spring Clip. A slight pressure opens the clip — pen is removed and replaced without *pulling* and *jamming* the pocket. No more frayed pockets—no lost pens.

But, to come to the point—the durable, smooth osmiridium point of the flexible Carter Pen—*that* makes writing a pleasure. If you have been struggling with a hard, unyielding pen, step in the store and see for yourself how comfortable and friendly a Carter Pen can be.

The Carter Pen is made of unbreakable Coralite—in a beautiful two-toned blue or green effect. It is fully guaranteed. If not readily obtained locally, write us—we will see that you are supplied. Priced $3.50 to $7.00.

THE CARTER'S INK COMPANY

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Use *Carter's Fountain Pen Ink* (blue black) or *Ryto* (blue black) for permanent records. Use *Blu-Rex* (Ever Blue) for all writings where permanence is not required.

Carter Desk Sets—adjustable to any angle. *Carter Pencils* — individual patterns, or to match pens.

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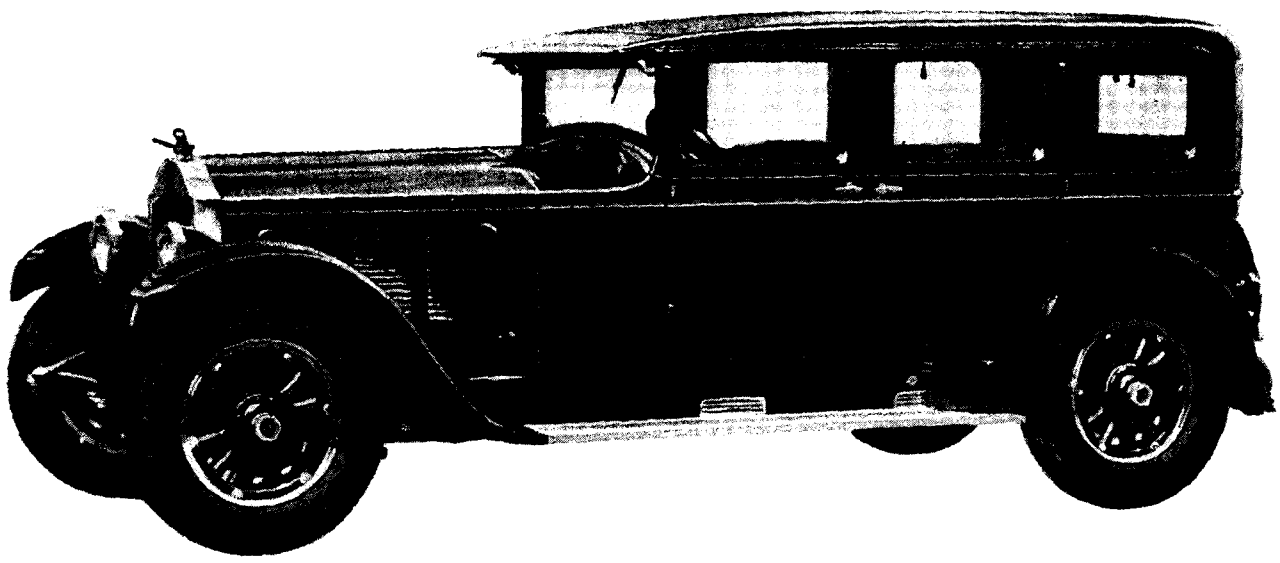

This *improved*, finer Willys-Knight

Now attains new and unprecedented heights of excellence. Higher speed, flashier acceleration, your choice of beautiful colors—all at *no* increase in price!

TODAY, with many manufacturers bringing out special high compression motors, Willys-Knight offers you the advantages of higher compression—greater speed, flashier activity—with none of the disadvantages so conspicuous in other types of motors, such as undue wear and tear, and the need for special gas to prevent knocking even after limited mileage.

Only the patented Knight sleeve-valve engine, because of the fundamental and exclusive principle of its design, can give highest *uniform* compression at all times, at all speeds—and with *any* gas! For high, sustained efficiency, mile after mile, year after year, the Knight-powered car has set high standards all its own. The patented, exclusive Knight engine is the *only* type of engine that constantly grows smoother and quieter with use.

And you may have your choice of many beautiful color combinations, both in external finish and upholstery—distinctive ensembles of rare taste and artistry.

All of the new color combinations are lastingly attractive, rich and harmoniously blended. They are fitting complements to the low, graceful Willys-Knight bodies, adding beauty of color to beauty of design.

Be sure to see this finer Willys-Knight—the car which is setting new high standards of design, beauty, luxury and surpassing performance.

"70" Willys-Knight Six, $1295 to $1495. Willys-Knight Great Six, reduced prices $1850 to $2695. Prices f. o. b. factory and specifications subject to change without notice. Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio. Willys-Overland Sales Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

WILLYS-KNIGHT

NO VALVES TO GRIND — GROWS SMOOTHER WITH USE

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